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**HAVE WE A FAR EASTERN
POLICY?**

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CENTURY AMERICA

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A STAINED GLASS TOUR IN ITALY

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Have We a Far Eastern Policy?

BY
CHARLES H. SHERRILL

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
HON. DAVID JAYNE HILL, LL.D

NEW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

1920

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Published April, 1920

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED PARENTS

CHARLES HITCHCOCK SHERRILL

AND

SARAH WYNKOOP SHERRILL

I Dedicate

THIS BOOK UPON LANDS WHERE VENERATION OF ANCESTORS
IS THE CORNERSTONE OF CIVILIZATION

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INTRODUCTION

As a diplomatist and as an author, General Sherrill does not require to be introduced to the American public. His books are well known to the lovers of a fascinating branch of art and to those who are interested in international questions. In the present volume he displays a combination of the qualities which characterize his earlier writings, a fine sensibility to form and color, and a grasp of great political issues.

To those readers who have not traversed the Pacific Ocean and visited its picturesque islands and Asiatic coastlands, this book will be a delightful voyage of discovery, and even those who have lingered long in the countries described will deem it a privilege to see them anew through the eyes of so keen an observer as General Sherrill. But the chief value of this volume does not consist in the vividness with which Oriental life and its conditions are depicted, nor in the narrative of the writer's personal experiences. It is a distinctively personal book, but in an altogether different sense.

It is written with knowledge, but it overflows

with imagination. It is not merely what the writer sees and causes us to see that most appeals to our interest, it is what he thinks about what he has seen and the significance of the peoples he describes to themselves, to the future of America and to the world. He has striven to understand as well as to observe, and to help us to realize the problems of the lands of the Pacific.

As an economist closely conversant with the commercial life of his own country through long and extensive contact with its chambers of commerce, and especially as a diplomatist habituated to consider the interests and the opportunities of American enterprise, General Sherrill has a claim upon our attention which the ordinary traveller does not possess. He visualizes the Pacific as a new and vast field for the development of future civilization, in which the East and the West must of necessity commingle, in some sense as co-partners, and in some sense as rivals. He has chosen a great and timely theme and he has given it an attractive exposition.

In entering into this field General Sherrill has of necessity raised many questions which are of a controversial nature. It is in his treatment of these that he appeals most strongly to the attention of thoughtful men. Japan, China,

the Philippines all furnish opportunity for differences, and even for conflicts of opinion. He has to contend with much ignorance, prejudice, and opposition of interests. In this, I am sure, he neither needs nor desires a defender. He has spoken out valiantly for what he believes to be true, and has not hesitated to support any belief because it may in certain quarters be unpopular. It adds to the pleasure of penning these words of introduction to General Sherrill's book to feel the assurance that he speaks on every subject with firm conviction; and it cannot fail to command the respect of every reader that, while he perceives and appreciates the dangers latent in the problems of the Pacific, he counsels caution, moderation, and fair play on all sides, in spite of prejudice, as essential to the peace and prosperity of the peoples of the Pacific.

DAVID JAYNE HILL.

FOREWORD

CERTAIN great world movements which had their birth in 1867 have always had especial interest for the writer, for he, too, was born then. In that year William H. Seward, that farseeing Secretary of State, purchased Alaska from Russia—"Seward's Folly," they called it, but it made a Pacific Ocean power of us. Also the four hundred millions of gold it has since yielded proves "Seward's Folly" to be the most profitable investment we ever made. In 1867 Bismarck concluded his arrangements to double Prussia's striking power by adding to it that of Austria, reduced to submission by her defeat the year before. Thus really began the great German Empire, for after this 1867 birth, the defeat of France in 1870 and the crowning of a German Kaiser were but public confirmation of an established fact. 1868 is the birth date of the Dominion of Canada, since become a Pacific Ocean Power, and destined by the similarity of her Asiatic immigration policy to that of Australia and our West Coast to demonstrate with us the

strength of the Anglo-Saxon racial tie in preserving peace around the great western ocean. In 1867 Sir Charles Dilke predicted that "the relations of America and Australia will be the key to the future of the Pacific." Admiral Jelliecoe has recently recommended that the principal naval base of the British Navy be transferred from the North Sea to Singapore, the western gateway to the Pacific, and Australia and Canada will probably control the future policy of that mighty force in those waters. In October, 1867, the last of the long line of Japanese Shoguns resigned his power, the Imperial Government passed from the hands of Viceroys direct to the Emperor, and thus was born the new Japan.

And what has happened since 1867? The Pacific Ocean has seen come to power two great autocracies, Germany and Japan, and three democracies, the United States, Canada and Australia. One of these autocracies, Germany, after a vigorous acquisition of Pacific Colonies, has, because of unwise leadership, disappeared from that ocean. The other autocracy, Japan, because of wise leadership, is to-day growing in power more rapidly than ever before. This surviving and advancing autocracy shares the control of those waters with the world's greatest

democracies — the United States, and Great Britain, represented by Australia and Canada, all speaking the same language and with the same traditions. It is high time we turned our gaze westward and gave consideration to the situation there as readjusted by the great war.

The United States is bounded on the south by the Monroe Doctrine, on the east by our opportunity of service to stricken Europe, on the north by the Anglo-Saxon racial tie, and on the west by the Japanese problem. Of our western outlook alone we know but little, and should know more. Now that the arbitrament of arms has decided the question against whose decision all Europe was long arming, the next great question that confronts the world and especially ourselves is—shall the Pacific Ocean continue pacific?

In the following pages are some suggestions resulting from nearly a year's travel and observation around the Pacific's shores and upon its islands. They are the views of an earnest believer in the Monroe Doctrine, which teaches that nations, like individuals, should mind their own business, something which cannot be done unless we first learn what our business is and needs. Never so much as to-day have our people evidenced so widespread an appreciation of what the Monroe Doctrine means, has meant, and can

mean to us. But are we equally enlightened concerning what our policy should be upon and across the Pacific?

CHARLES H. SHERRILL.

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**HAVE WE A FAR EASTERN
POLICY?**

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CHAPTER I

AT THE PACIFIC CROSSROADS

DID you ever think of the Hawaiian Islands as the pitcher's box of the Pacific Ocean, or as the crossroads refreshment pavilion where products and sights of all those far-flung lands could be sampled without bothering to visit them? Perhaps the first viewpoint will throw light upon the problem of power in the Pacific, and the second beckon you thither.

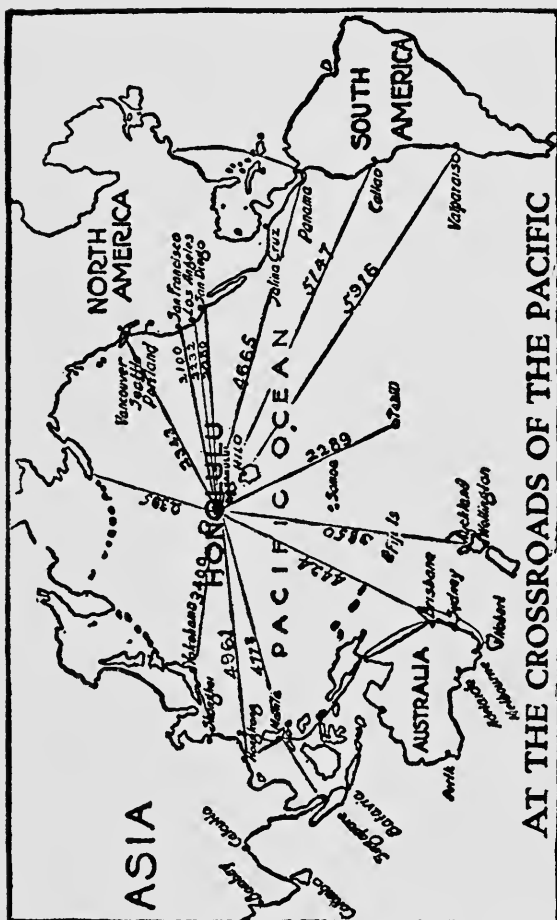
In the first place, let us lay out our diamond. The home-plate will be California, and from there we will run our base line out to Japan, which will be first base. No scoring will be possible unless you get to and around that point. The first baseman may sometimes play a little off his base, so as to cover more territory, as baseball men say. When he does that he will be standing on China! Second base will be our Philippine base. It is essential to have a good player covering this

bag so as to handle throws from the home-plate (California) to head off runners coming around from first base (Japan), for nobody will ever endanger the home-plate if you can throw him out at second base. The first man we played in that important position (May 1, 1898), Admiral Dewey, was one of the sharpest infielders we ever had, careful, but quick to act on his own initiative, and especially good at completing a play. His first move was to put out a Spaniard, who thought himself safe, but was not used to quick play, and immediately thereafter he put out a German Admiral, who tried to steal the base. Third base is Australia. This difficult position is being well covered by a player who, although comparatively new at that corner of the diamond, learned the game on other fields where Anglo-Saxon sport prevails. He is a fine hitter, as appears from his sending 430,000 men to fight in France from his population of only five million, and that, too, without conscription! The pitcher's box (our Hawaiian Islands) did not favor efficient pitching until the great naval base at Pearl Harbor was completed, but now it affords every facility for speedy delivery of the ball, not only to the home-plate, but also to any corner of the diamond. The pitcher (the United States Navy) is growing stronger all the time, has excellent

control of the ball and is well trained. He is especially experienced at strike-outs, is good-humored, never quarrels with the umpire, and the longer the game the better he pitches. He says he feels quite at home in his new pitcher's box, and is ready for work the moment there is a batter up. That concludes a baseball view of international strategy around the Pacific.

A relief map of the island of Oahu reveals at a glance the natural advantages of Pearl Harbor. Imagine three large harbors, side by side, and opening into each other, lying four miles inland, reached from the sea by a single deep channel through the coral reef, sufficiently winding to be easily defended and yet, thanks to the steepness of its coral banks, giving deep water right alongside all the docks. So deep is it that when the entrance channel was being dredged, the contractors actually dumped the refuse into the middle of the harbor, because the water there was over 200 feet deep. Built into the side of one of the three harbors is a great drydock, long enough to receive a thousand-foot ship, if and when she ever comes along. It took nine years to build, and it looks it. The wireless plant is so powerful that it talks with the Eiffel Tower in Paris! The facilities for coaling and oiling ships are of the very latest type. Around the

outside of the great coal piles runs a high concrete wall, reminding one of the exterior of a huge modern college football stadium. You imagine that its strength is intended for defense, but are surprised to learn that you are really looking at the elevated shores of a dry lake, built, so that if the coal within gets afire, it can be flooded and the fire promptly extinguished. To one motoring back of and above Pearl Harbor, through the miles on miles of pale green sugar cane or the long stretches of greenish silver pineapples, the great harbor looks like three peaceful Scottish lakes, with peaked hills thrown around about them, but nature's "protective coloring" is but camouflaging one of the world's great strongholds, not only for defense, but also, if necessary, for decisive offense. The accompanying map, with steaming routes and distances laid out upon it, show that Pearl Harbor bears the same relation to the Pacific that Malta does to the Mediterranean. It is, however, of far greater strategic significance here than is Malta in its waters, because the Pacific distances are so much greater that a naval force intending to launch an attack against our side of that ocean dare not leave Hawaii unreduced behind it. Coaling or oiling for a trip across the Pacific, and naval operations thereafter, is a problem



which lies far beyond those of Mediterranean dimensions.

So much for the baseball view of the Pacific, in which we have gazed upon that distant scene from the bleachers beloved of all American youth, and have cheerfully contemplated possibilities of a contest, which, in our heart of hearts, we hope will never come to pass. Now for our second digression from the beaten path of tourist description—what about the Hawaiian Islands as a refreshment pavilion, standing at the crossroads of the Pacific, where travellers may sample the viands and life of all its furthestmost corners. I, alas! spent but five weeks in that anchored Paradise, but it needed only one day to justify “refreshment” as an exact description. It is a great mistake to think of Hawaii as merely a stop-over point on the way to the Orient, and not as worth a visit for itself alone. You can sample the Orient by visiting Hawaii and going no farther. Its 110,000 Japanese generally wear their native costume, have their temples, gardens, etc., and so do the numerous Chinese population, likewise the Koreans and Filipinos. The Japanese and Chinese shops are fascinating. To complete the picture, trees, plants and fruits of the Orient grow about you in profusion, brought hither to save the lazy traveller from further

travel. There are no snakes, and there are a great variety of automobile drives. The original missionaries (thanks to whom the islands are now American) must have had trouble describing to the natives a heaven more alluring than the land in which they were living! You have, of course, heard that the climate is nearly perfect—comfortably warm, but constantly tempered by a northerly trade wind—is practically the same in every month of the year, confining its extreme ranges within 59° and 89° on the thermometer. A tropical land where Caucasians can work in the fields, and where no malarial mosquitoes exist—think of it! But have you heard that the rain, although sufficient to keep vegetation beautifully green and clean, has the pleasing practice of descending so gently and without sun-obscuring clouds that it is locally known as “liquid sunshine,” and never necessitates an umbrella! Sunstroke is unheard of, and yet the sea is so warm (averaging 74°) that one stays in the surf with utter disregard of time limitations usual at Atlantic beaches. Furthermore, moonlight swimming parties are comfortable and popular. The Coney Island joys of “shooting the chutes” pale before those of riding a surfboard or an outrigger canoe through the Waikiki waves; you might as well compare a wooden hobby-horse

with a gallop in the open air! I have been there in August, in January and September, and there seemed but little difference in the climate, even for swimming, for the shallow water inside the long reef is sun heated to about the same temperature the year round. The daytime warmth is comfortably offset by the cool nights, which always necessitate the use of a blanket.

You see we shall have no difficulty in justifying our use of the word "refreshment" in describing Hawaii, and the accompanying map shows that "crossroads" is equally well selected. From us to the Orient, from Australasia to Canada, or any way that one crosses the Pacific, it is convenient, nay, almost necessary, to touch at Honolulu, so they all do it, and you have only to sit there and watch them arrive—ships of all sizes, from every sort of land, manned by every type of sailormen. The entire merchant marine of that great ocean serves as delivery wagons to Hawaii's front door. If you want anything, they bring it to you, and frequently they make delectable offerings which you did not know about, and for that reason alone, did not theretofore want. If you have Missouri blood in your veins, and desire to be "shown," here follow sundry specifications. That delectable pink peptonized melon on your breakfast table is the papaya, and originally came

from Australia, where it is called pawpaw. The picturesque ricefields with their small squares of soft greens moved hither overseas from China. The favorite banana here (they have thirty varieties, and there are fields on fields of them) came, the shorter ones from China, and the taller, grown near the houses, from Brazil. The bird that looks like a mocking-bird wearing yellow spectacles is the myna of India. The swift-flying blue-gray dove is Australian. The pointed nosed, rakish oxen patiently plowing acres of innumerable small, ankle-deep rectangular ponds for rice or taro-plants are the caribao of the Philippines, friendly to brown skins but truculent toward pale-faces. And so it is with the abundant plants and trees, hundreds and thousands of varieties, assembled from all over the world, useful or beautiful or quaintly interesting. Here may be seen the spreading banyan of India, each tree a grove in itself, sacred to the Brahmins because it was into a banyan that Brahma was transformed. On May 15th it is worshipped by all Brahmin women. With rare catholicity there also grows alongside of it the peepul tree, under which India believes that Buddha was incarnated, or, if you are a Burmese Buddhist and believe that this fact, so significant to the Far East, occurred under an asoka tree, that also

grows here. American women know the ylang ylang perfume; here they may see that obliging tree which not only yields them the scent, but also garlands for their South Sea Island sisters, while its soft white wood serves for canoes in Samoa and tom-toms for the Malays. For the newly arrived tourist the most outstanding color effect comes from the trees, the masses of yellowish red of the royal poinciana of Madagascar, or the yellow of the Ceylon poinciana, or the wistaria-shaped blossoms of three trees meeting together from distant points,—the golden shower of Ceylon, the pink shower of the Caribbean Sea, and the pink and white shower of India. Over eighty species of palm adorn the landscape, chief among them being the royal palm of Cuba, forming stately avenues whose color and marking suggest columns of poured concrete topped by green waving capitals; the Chinese fan palm; the traveller's palm of Madagascar; that world-citizen, the date palm; and most graceful of all, indigenous to these islands, and therefore welcoming to its shores its foreign cousins, the gracefully leaning, swaying cocoanut palm.

Other native trees are the koa or Hawaiian mahogany, used extensively for furniture, its reddish honey-colored wood taking a high polish; the intensely hard ohia, with tough fiber and

moisture-proof quality fitting it excellently for fenceposts, railroad ties and fine flooring; the hau, whose branch-interlacings make it impenetrable in the forest, but very useful for arbors and pergolas when grown "in captivity"; and lastly the kukui, of both practical and æsthetic service, for a string of its oily nuts burnt one after another used to provide lights for the natives, while its pale, heart-of-lettuce foliage brightens the hillside gullies in odd fashion, putting high lights where one expects deep shadows.

The Australian flame tree vies in its strong vermilion with the frequent hedges of gayly striped and mottled croton shrubs from the Moluccas or Spice Islands. Among the plainer but more useful immigrants are the West Indian monkeypod tree, affording a shade as grateful as it is wide-spreading; the endurable Kauri pine of New Zealand; that other useful shade tree the Tahiti umbrella tree, its dark green foliage enlivened by an occasional red leaf; the breadfruit tree, with its succulent food product and decorative foliage of deeply dentated leaves; fiber plants for fishnets, ropes, etc.; and best of all, the algaroba—the al-korab of Palestine, whose pods or husks fed the swine tended by the Prodigal Son, and which since its arrival in 1828 has spread

all over the islands. You see Chinese and Japanese children everywhere filling their little bags with algaroba pods. And the flowering vines! their profusion is bewildering—a wild orgy of coloring! I shall never forget the aspect of a house out beyond Fort Shafter smothered in interlacing bougainvillea and alamander—a startling glory of purple and yellow to make even Bakst jealous.

Now does the reader agree with our use of the word “refreshment,” or has he no eyes to be refreshed! Nor need one seek out all this beauty; it lies at hand all about you. Take the trolley from Honolulu out to Waikiki Beach, and for four miles you ride between gorgeous hedges of oleander, hybiscus or glowing croton plants, shadowed by flowering trees or gorgeous vines. And in such prodigal profusion! Oahu College is shut in from the street by a mile-long hedge of night-blooming cereus, whose wealth of great white blossoms, slowly opening as the dark comes on, suggest the illumination of many electric lights!

Man, or rather woman, has had about as much to do with assembling all this beauty as nature, and other cities will do well to pattern after the “Outdoor Circle of Honolulu.” The energetic women who compose it have not only succeeded

in improving street cleaning methods, and then in beautifying those streets by public and private planting of decorative trees, shrubs and flowers, but also have reduced to the vanishing point disfiguring advertisement signs. This last reform was effected by applying the economic boycott system; and it worked as promptly as efficiently. This same "Outdoor Circle" also carried on a successful campaign to abolish tenements, with the result that they have been replaced by numbers of cheap but sightly and comfortable bungalows, adapted to the climate by ample provisions of verandas, or lanai (as they are called in Hawaii), life upon which, in the midst of hanging baskets of vines and flowers is there so general and beneficial. Just as the Dutch of old New York City loved and lived upon their stoop, or door steps, so the Hawaiian spends all his leisure time on his lanai.

Not only can all these charming things be seen from near at hand, but also from a number of scenic viewpoints, more, in fact, than any other charming place can boast. Drive or walk up Pacific Heights, or the higher Tantalus Road, or that oddly shaped extinct crater hospitably known as the Punchbowl, and not only will you look down upon unsurpassed scenes combining sea, mountain, foliage and color, but also upon

frequent developments of those delights while mounting and descending. If by nature you enjoy surprises,—prefer to take your strong drink in one startling gulp, ask to be taken to the Pali. What is the Pali? You will drive for half an hour, 1200 feet up the Nuuanu Valley, through a throng of handsome homes set in handsomer grounds, up past the cosy Oahu Country Club, all the fairway of whose golf course has turf like English putting greens (honest! I am a golfer myself), up through a rapidly ascending mountain pass growing constantly narrower until it reminds you of Thermopylæ. Nothing in the slowly closing mountain walls promises anything of a view, nay, it forebodes the opposite—all is quiet and confined. A sudden turn of the road brings you into a perfect blast of wind,—you look down—impossible! Spread out below you is one of Nature's most stupendous views—bleak mountains 3500 feet high herding between them smiling valleys far beneath, sloping gently out to the smiling sea, into which are thrust rocky headlands. It is told of the conqueror King Kamehameha that in his last fight against the Oahuans he drove their army slowly up this pass and then over this rocky precipice. A sudden end to a great struggle, and as you listen to the groaning

and moaning of the high wind that always blows here the story seems very real and present.

Little is definitely known of the early history of the islands or their folk. Fortunately they are a musical people, and it is from the words of their old songs handed down through many generations, that we learn of their past. In this manner, from history embalmed in song, we gather enough to permit the conclusion that the islands were settled about 500 A. D., by Polynesians from the South Seas, who came across the great stretches of water in fleets of rude canoes, steering by the stars; and that there were two distinct periods of migration, the first purely legendary, and later, after a considerable interval, another one from either Samoa or Tahiti or both, in the 11th or 12th century. Why was this? Were there shifts in the ocean currents which only at times favored such voyages in that direction? And if so, when and why were those favoring conditions altered? A systematic study of the subject is now under way and enlightenment therefrom is confidently expected. It is clear from the physical characteristics of the Hawaiians, from their customs, and from their language (which is similar to that of the Maoris of New Zealand) that they come of that great Polynesian stock whose original home is believed to

be the island of Savaii, one of the Samoan group. Those interested in such ethnological studies will find a treat in store for them in the Bishop Museum, where are many examples of the kapa or tapa clothing, beaten out by women from soaked bark, and dyed or stamped with patterns carved on bamboo; kahili, or colored feather standards carried as emblems of rank; plans of temple ruins; and best of all, those marvellous feather capes, all yellow and scarlet, priceless because two feathers only grew on the breast of a single bird. These capes took years to make, and by computing the cost of the labor expended thereon plus that of the great number of birds necessary (which were rare), it is calculated that a large cape, such as a king wore, is worth over a million dollars. They are kept in a specially designed safe of large dimensions adapted for convenient display of its treasures.

A Hawaiian landscape would not be complete without a sugar cane field or great stretches devoted to pineapples. Not only do they delight the optic nerve but also that other most important nerve which stretches from the heart to the pocket, for in 1919 the sugar crop yielded the Hawaiians the tidy sum of \$88,000,000 and the pineapple one \$23,000,000. Both of these ample money-earners are 18-month crops.

Hawaiian statistics tell a long story in brief compass. They reveal that these two principal crops demonstrate a continuing development intelligently directed, for against the latest figures just given, pineapples in 1916 brought but \$6,632,914, while in that same year the sugar crop only fetched fifty-four millions, and in 1910 but forty-two. The Hawaiians have left no scientific stone unturned to improve those products. The best obtainable chemists are constantly at work upon problems of soil, drainage, plantings, etc. One of the results thereof is that their average sugar cane yield per acre is over four tons ($6\frac{1}{2}$ on irrigated land and $3\frac{1}{2}$ on non-irrigated), while in Cuba it is only a little over two. And in Cuba land and labor are cheap, while in Hawaii both are dear. There should be a statue of King Kalakaua erected on every Hawaiian sugar plantation, for it was he who by his reciprocity treaty with the United States secured such advantages for their sugar in our country as put that trade on a firm basis. Likewise his statue should be erected by us at Pearl Harbor, for that naval station was the price he paid for that treaty's trade advantages. Land unsuited for pineapple or sugar cane is being wisely developed for sisal, tobacco, coffee and bananas. The 1919 totals for the island's exports reduced by the amount they

paid for their imports left them the tidy profit balance of forty-seven million dollars. A comparison of their 1919 with the 1910 bank deposits gives illuminating testimony concerning their advancing prosperity, for it shows an increase from thirteen to thirty-five millions, included in which totals are the savings bank deposits of four and a quarter millions in 1910 against ten and a half millions in 1919. Of course, their trade is principally with our mainland ports,—over four-fifths of imports and 94 per cent of exports. The Hawaiian islands have proved a profitable investment for our Government, which, spending upon them but five millions since annexation, has received in customs and internal revenue four times as much. They certainly deserve more generous treatment in the matter of public buildings and similar improvements.

The Hawaiians themselves, living in the midst of this luxury of nature, are a people of simple tastes. They like fish and poi as a diet. Poi is made of flour from the root of the taro plant. It resembles a breakfast cereal, and is allowed to become slightly sour, but its consistency is most important. If it can be eaten with one finger it is too thick; if three fingers are needed it is too thin; “two finger poi” is just right! Nowadays it is served in a cup, and eaten with a fork. It

struck me that the preferences of the Hawaiians were along the lines of poi, papaya, pineapple and politics; I grew to like them all.

Speaking of fish recalls another of the color treats of these Isles of the Blest. Never, even in the imagination of the most advanced Futurist, were fish so gorgeously, so daringly colored and marked, and they are charmingly shown in the Waikiki Aquarium. The names of these fish are as picturesque as their coloring, but some of them are unwieldy, to say the least. Fancy a fish starting out in life handicapped with the family name of Humuhumunukunukuapua! The natives have a legend that to punish a certain wicked god he was imprisoned under Diamond Head, that crouching fortress whose volcanic sides change hourly in color, and forced to paint the fish. If that be true he must have kept himself constantly intoxicated in order to have conceived the drunken dreams of color he portrays upon his fishy prey.

Nor are the sunsets like those seen anywhere else, for here they are generally of a delicious apricot shade, beautified by trade wind clouds, which during the day withdraw to the mountain tops, there to form gracefully rolling tablecloth effects, or to paint over the hillsides even finer cloud shadows than those of England.

Of course, music flourishes in such surroundings. Who has not heard the ukulele, that popular pygmy of guitars!

The only startlingly beautiful sight on the island of Oahu, where Honolulu and Pearl Harbor are situated, is the sudden view from the Pali, and it is to other islands of the group one must go for such sights as the Grand Canyon on Kauai, the world's greatest active volcano on Hawaii, its largest extinct volcano and the surprising fern forests on Maui. On the "Big Island" (as Hawaii is familiarly called) the Kona district boasts a private climate all its own, thanks to which its coffee crop sold in 1919 for \$1,105,910. This district is cut off from the trade winds by the lofty summits of Mauna Loa (13,675 feet high), Mauna Kea (13,825) and Hualalai (8,269). Deprived of that offset to the natural heat of the tropics, Kona would seem doomed to discomfort, but not at all! It is rescued by one of the many wonders of this wonderful archipelago. Because the earth in this district, so exposed to unmitigated tropical heat, has a higher temperature than the ocean, sea breezes are caused which sweep across it and up its sheltering mountain slopes in order to establish an equilibrium constantly disturbed by the land's heat. There results an agreeable climate,

quite private to Kona, which makes May to August there the wettest months and December to February the driest, although for all the neighboring islands December has the most rain and June the least.

A frequent service of inter-island boats makes easy a visit to these and many other amazing sights, but the comforts and luxuries of a long stay are to be had on Oahu, in or near Honolulu, the capital, whose population both permanent and transient is constantly growing.

When one has experienced the welcome that nestles in the Hawaiian word "Aloha," he falls a helpless victim to the charm of America's mid-Pacific paradise. What Hawaii means as the crossroads of the Pacific is known best to its own people, and it is now usefully expressing itself in their Pan-Pacific Union, to which all the other peoples around that great ocean are adhering. It promises to do as much for the increase of mutual understanding among them, with Hawaii for its "telephone central," as the Pan-American Union is doing for the republics of the western hemisphere. Go and sit down for a season at this crossroads, and you will hang about the walls of your memory such a series of pictures as will long after brighten your thought and refresh your spirit in times of need under less favoring skies.

CHAPTER II

SOME MENTAL GEOGRAPHY

IN our Foreword we pointed out that the United States is bounded on the south by the Monroe Doctrine, on the east by our opportunity to serve stricken Europe, on the north by the Anglo-Saxon racial tie, and on the west by the Japanese problem. You will say that this is mental, not physical geography,—well, and why not? He who does not realize that the physical is always under the control of the mental, will never understand the Far East. If we want to get at the spirit of the Pacific Ocean problem we must study its psychological factors. This means that we must reach beyond physical out into mental geography.

The most outstanding feature of life around the Pacific is the natural beauty of the background, there constantly meeting the eye. It is most fitting that Captain Cook's errand when first he explored many of those delightful shores was primarily to observe a transit of Venus. Venus, the queen of beauty, she who was fabled

to have been born of ocean-spray, never more aptly justified her goddess traditions than in thus luring the white man out across those charming seas to even more charming lands. If we can but learn the lesson of beauty and harmony which these lovely lands have ages long mutely striven to teach, then America's western boundary, the Future of the Pacific, will never suffer the curse that the militarism of Prussia brought upon Europe.

It is the spirit of the Pacific Ocean problem that we are chiefly seeking to explore, for, once understood, it will prove the key to open that long corridor of shut doors between ourselves and a better understanding of the Orient. But preparatory to that exploration it will be useful to readjust some common misapprehensions concerning the geography of that vast region because the geographical environment of a people gives important indications as to its probable line of development. A change in a country's climate will sooner or later change its people. It does not follow that favorable geographical environment will promptly change a race introduced therein, but a combination of a fine race plus a fine place inevitably produces national importance. Of course, we know that even during the historical era, the climate conditions of certain

regions have materially altered. The Egyptians, the Babylonians and the Ninevites, during the days of their surpassing greatness, lived in lands whose climate was far more favorable than it is to-day. This has been thoroughly studied by Ellsworth Huntington in his "Civilization and Climate," which contains interesting conclusions upon the climate enjoyed by those early world leaders, deduced from the thickness of the rings on the huge mariposa tree butts of California, checked by comparison with the saline deposits along the banks of the Caspian Sea and certain lakes. The logical outcome of his novel investigations is that the portions of the globe at present best suited for racial development are (1) western Europe; (2) the northerly portion of eastern and central United States; (3) a strip along the California coast beginning north of San Francisco and running south; (4) Japan; (5) New Zealand, Tasmania and the southerly seaboard of Australia.

The Pacific Ocean problem is bound up in a consideration of numbers 3, 4 and 5, and here we have the necessary combination of a fine race plus a favoring place. Of these three the Japanese alone represent long residence, while the Californians, Australians and New Zealanders owe their present favoring geographical location

to racial enterprise, representing as they do the pioneering initiative of a progressive, home-leaving portion of an already strongly developed race. From this it is quite clear that the Pacific's future is going to be in the hands of no weaklings, and that outsiders, from now on, will have small chance of successful intrusion. Foreigners may overrun and divide up the mainland of Asia, but no such fate is in store for the Japanese, the Anglo-Saxons in Australasia, nor their cousins across the way along the North American seacoast. These strong peoples are sure to dominate their own ocean, but whichever of them attempts to follow the world-supremacy delusion of militaristic Germany will run up against the counterchecks provided by these doughty neighbors. This fact seems so clear, and so sure of recognition by the strongly developed common sense of all those powerful nations as to insure future peace between them.

Geographical environment undoubtedly influences peoples for good or ill. Their mental as well as physical development is affected by their geography. The history of Great Britain and Japan shows how useful is the greater freedom for development enjoyed by an island race over dwellers on the mainland. The English Channel has many a time proved how much safer is a

water boundary than such a line on the map as that which separated Belgium and Germany, no matter how much the latter be buttressed by international agreements sometimes styled "scraps of paper." Although we Americans have spread across a continent, we have always enjoyed the same water-defended exclusiveness as islanders, and have therefore been allowed time to cut our teeth and go through the national diseases of childhood before being called upon to take our part in world politics.

Now this fact of the advantages blessing an island race looms large in the study of the Pacific Ocean problem, for in its wealth of islands that body of water differs markedly from the Atlantic Ocean. It must also be noticed that the westerly side of the Pacific shows a totally different geographical adjustment from its easterly side. No such difference is seen between the two sides of the Atlantic. There are practically no islands at all lying off the Pacific coast of North, Central or South America, certainly none of any importance. The Galapagos, off Ecuador, and Juan Fernandez, off Chile, are mere islets. Cross the Pacific and you find quite a different state of affairs, and one which has a highly significant bearing upon our problem. There, lying well off from the mainland, runs north and south a long

chain of island fortresses. These are either inhabited or controlled by races distinctly stronger than those behind them upon the continent of Asia. Unless we are grievously wrong in our conclusions those strong islanders on the west and Anglo-Saxon mainlanders on the east are going to grow even stronger, and the grip of the Japanese, the Australians, the Canadians and ourselves upon the watery highways connecting us will be tightened and not loosened. Outsiders will remain outsiders. If only we may be given the good sense to proceed peaceably, and disregard militaristic jingoes certain to work upon each of us from within!

Reverting to the seclusive immunity enjoyed by islanders, some captious critic may contend that Australia (as large as the United States) is really a continent and not an island, and that therefore Australians are not island folk. To this comes the ready response that those five million Britishers are as yet living only along their seacoast, having developed but slightly their back country, and that this proximity to and outlook upon the sea keeps them as truly an island race as are their cousins in the far off homeland. Clearly they have enjoyed the same lack of interruption to their national life from without as the British and ourselves, and dreaded

no foreign invasion such as constantly threatens countries upon the continent of Europe, or China, India and other Asian lands.

Upon the easterly side of the Pacific, then, our geographies show mainland races fronting an ocean undefended by islands. On the other side of the great expanse of waters, the approaches to a mainland teeming with Oriental populations are guarded by a protective chain of islands inhabited to the north and south by stronger races than those on the Asian continent, while in the centre, the originally weaker links of the chain are dominated by two white races, the Dutch and, in the Philippines, ourselves. The Japanese run all the way from the centre of Saghalien, 50° north latitude, down to 22° north, where Formosa ends, while the Australasian Anglo-Saxons run south from the equator, beginning with the islands lately taken from the Germans. The more easterly fringe of German islands, as far down as the equator, seem entrusted to the Japanese. The ethnological strength of those controlling all these barrier islands cannot be disregarded in any sensible consideration of the Philippines' future.

We may remark in passing that Nature herself has accentuated in an interesting manner the marked differences between the Asian continent

and the islands lying off it. She has drawn a line between those which she would allot to Asia, and those she considers as beyond. A study of the flora and fauna of the long chain of islands stretching out from Java and Sumatra into the Pacific reveals that this natural division falls between the islands of Bali and Lombok and runs east of the Celebes and the Philippines, all to the east being Australasian and quite as different from those to the west as are the kangaroos of Australia from any Asian animal. The Celebes alone possess flora and fauna of both types.

Availing itself of the geographical exclusiveness lent by Nature, the labor party of Australia, determined to avoid competition with cheaper, imported labor, have insisted upon a White Australia. Their position upon this question has exactly the same economic basis and reason as that of their cousins in Canada and friends in our Pacific Coast states in opposing Hindoo, Chinese or Japanese immigration, or of the Japanese themselves who exclude the cheaper-living Chinese and Koreans. The policy of a White Australia will retard the exploitation of her natural wealth, but, not only will it conserve racially undiluted Australian manhood, but also, and for that reason, prove a strong factor in keeping their great ocean pacific for all mankind.

An incursion into mental geography causes us to notice that there is an interesting similarity between the Australian and New Zealander island race of to-day and the equally detached Americans of a century and a half ago. In so doing we observe how rapid modern communications have modified what used to be geographical remoteness, for Australia is no further from England by steam than the American Colonies were by sail. We have changed, for our own people are no longer the mariners they were in the days when the Yankee clipper ships brought fortunes from the Far East home to the sea-viewing ancestors of the present day New Englanders, whose business risks nowadays lie inland rather than across the waters. The fact that the bulk of Australian population is still but a seaboard fringe makes their present stage of development similar to the early days of our own country, when we too were mostly a seaboard people. It does not seem a risky prediction that before Australia settles down to a really serious exploitation of the interior of her great continent, she will, in response to the national instinct of a seabordering race, complete her hold upon the island-sprinkled waters lying in her part of the world. It will be greatly to the advantage of the other English-speaking races to have her complete her

dominion over the inferior peoples of those parts, and it will likewise mean fair treatment for all of them, as witness the consideration to-day shown the Maoris in New Zealand, to quote but one of many benefits of Anglo-Saxon colonial toleration.

Americans must remember that while they are concerned primarily with matters of a continental nature, the live questions lying across the Pacific take on that aspect which island races always confront. Geography and especially mental geography looms large in all that half of the world.

The geographical story of the Pacific must not be left without pointing out one inconvenience which it sustains, namely, that it is surrounded by volcanoes, not quiet, well-behaved volcanoes like Vesuvius, but obstreperous ones. These petulant factors, apt to break out at any time without reasonable notice, and then, more harmful to others than to themselves, are strangely similar in their effects upon geography to that of militaristic jingoes upon a nation's policies. Volcanoes are really safer because their outbreaks only produce local effects. It will be well if Pan-Pacific folk learn to counteract the effect of militaristic jingo upheavals or outbreaks as care-

fully as by their architecture they do that of their volcanoes!

Let us remind those who allege that the Pacific Ocean is too vast a tract to stage a world war, that even the 16-knot ships that now ply there, when compared with the speed of the Roman, Greek, Tyrian or Carthaginian galleys, reduce the size of the Pacific to that of the Mediterranean Sea during those centuries when it was the cockpit of international strife. Japan is now putting on large 19-knot steamers, and the Canadian-Pacific line will see that and raise it.

It may be noticed that nothing has been said of South America's interest in the Pacific, but this can be answered in two ways. In the first place, take a map and drop a line due south from Boston; it will fall clear of most of South America, which will lie east of the line, thrusting itself out into the Atlantic Ocean, and by so much evidencing its geographical backing away from the Pacific. Perhaps this is but a fair expression of South America's preference for matters European, from which part of the world Argentina, its most progressive nation, is steadily drawing an immigration of half a million sturdy individuals per year, half of them from northern Spain and half from northern Italy. But this geographical withdrawal of South America is

not the only reason for failure to accentuate her relations to the Pacific. Her two largest, richest and most powerful countries, Argentina and Brazil, face toward the Atlantic mentally as well as geographically, and not the Pacific. It is true that Chile is also a strong country, but it has only a population of three and a quarter millions, receives practically no immigration, has not increased in population for the last 20 years, and shows no probability of doing so. The republics of Colombia, Ecuador and Peru are not of a type to provide any active or aggressive participation in international adjustments; neither their race nor their place is favorable thereto. The only possibility of South America taking an active part in matters pan-Pacific would be if there should come about a union of Argentina with Chile, to which combination Uruguay, speaking the same language, might usefully adhere. In such a union the Chileans, a vigorous race of political leaders, would probably play as prominent a part as Ohio or Virginia, those birthplaces of Presidents and other lesser office-holders are alleged to have played in our country. This would mean that this joint southerly republic, erected in the temperate zone of South America, would benefit from Chile's knowledge of the Pacific to use their united strength in

that direction. Strong races located in temperate and favorable zones may never safely be disregarded in considering future international possibilities. If and when this favorable combination of the best of the south Latin races takes place in a great grain producing territory, then the mental geography of the Pacific, now dominated by the brains of Anglo-Saxons and Japanese, will be enriched and broadened by the participation of the Latin mind, so potent in Europe.

CHAPTER III

A BRIDGE OF BOATS

JAPAN is reached by a long journey across a vast ocean, and that approach allows time for the consideration of what ocean navigation can mean to a people intelligently disposed to avail itself to the utmost of those world highways to power and prosperity.

Out in the Pacific Ocean, alongside the Asiatic Coast, lie the British Isles of the East, Japan. In 1633 and 1635, the Tokugawa Shogun then ruling the country, fearing the effect of foreigners within, and of Japanese travel outside the home islands, issued edicts excluding the outlanders and killing ocean navigation for the Japanese by limiting their vessels to fifty tons, or, in other words, to fishing boats. It was a drastic move, but it gained for the country the seclusion her ruler sought. For 222 years this isolation of the Japanese continued uninterrupted until 1853. Then began an amazing fairy story, the tale of a new-born merchant marine. In that year two momentous events took place, the invasion of

this long undisturbed seclusion by Commodore Perry and the American fleet, and another Tokugawa Shogun (the last of those usurpers of imperial power) rescinded the ancient edicts, not only reopening the seas to those hardy islanders after two centuries of banishment therefrom, but also encouraging purchase of foreign built ships suited for long voyages.

Japan, no longer compelled to turn her eyes inward, looked abroad, and took thought how best to reach forth into the great world outside. The problem was bewildering for a folk who, for generation after generation, had lived so entirely apart. Something new was needed to enable these hermits to reach the mainland, to reach other and more distant mainlands, to learn once more the long forgotten waterways of her vast home ocean. They decided that this something new must be a Bridge of Boats, and starting energetically to build it, their modern merchant marine grew apace. The most fairylike portion of this amazing fairy tale is the tonnage to-day reached by a shipping starting only 66 years ago with no training or traditions—absolutely nothing to build upon. Their consistent policy of governmental assistance has emulated the sagacity of the Tokuwaga rescinder of the ancient edicts who, not satisfied with opening the door

to ocean navigation, at the same time encouraged shipbuilding at home and shipbuying abroad. He wanted prompt results, and that desire, ever since actuating Japanese ship-subsidies, has gained for her a fleet that is the wonder of the world. A friendly foreigner can speak more freely on this subject than can a Japanese, for the latter would be dismissed for a braggart before he had half finished his story.

To obtain a realizing sense of its surprising growth, based as it was upon no traditions or training whatever, compare it with Japan's success in modern warfare. Her defeat of the Chinese in 1895 and the Russians in 1905 is generally discounted by Occidental critics as being but the natural result when a nation long trained in arms and proud of their fighting men meets another nation which for centuries despised and neglected the profession of arms, and still another one which was nationally inefficient and unprepared. Please notice that even her critics recognized that Japan had always set such store by military training that she entered her modern conflicts equipped with fine traditions and technical preparation. But her even greater successes in the peaceful field of ocean navigation, from what did that start? Her merchant marine had enjoyed no such training in seamanship as had

her fighting men for war, but, instead, had suffered banishment from the high seas during generation after generation until the long interdict of 222 years was concluded. Can the fiction of any fairy story rival this fact of only 66 years' growth?

This Bridge of Boats serves a great national purpose, one that affords a valuable lesson to such an ingrowing people as Americans were before the war forced our attention outward. This Bridge carries Japan's varied products over to more and more foreign markets, and brings back the wherewithal for the betterment of those at home. Over it pass outward her many products, travelling upon vessels whose freight payments (an enormous item) remain in home pockets. Back over it comes the foreigner's purchase money for Japanese goods, and his supplies of raw materials needed in Japan, plus his freight-money for their transportation. One of her three greatest shipping companies, the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, paid in November, 1919, a dividend for the preceding six months of 100% on its stock. Not only do the various earnings just described pay back many times over the tax money needed for the upbuilding ship-subsidies, but also, and much more important, they furnish employment to more workers at home, not only in manufactur-

ing goods for export, but also for those who "go down to the sea in ships" in constantly increasing numbers.

So intelligently has the Japanese system of ship-subsidies been worked out, that it, plus the enterprise and hardy adventuring so characteristic of that island race, have given her a merchant marine only surpassed by that of England and the United States. The latest available statistics, (November, 1919) show that Japan has 2,803 steamers, of which 690 are over a thousand tons burden, and these latter large ones have a total gross tonnage of 2,154,483, to which the smaller ones add over a million tons more. The normal growth of Japanese shipping, which amounted to about 60,000 tons annually before 1919, was given a sudden impetus by the withdrawal from ocean navigation of most of the merchantmen of the Allied Powers during the war. The Japanese naturally seized upon this golden opportunity, and the demand for new ships grew so great that she built over 700,000 tons burden during the year 1918. Baron Rempei Kondo, the progressive president of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, points out that although hitherto the great arteries of Japanese shipping have been the American, the European and the Australian runs, now, to employ the numerous new bottoms as well as to

meet the reopened competition with foreigners, new lines must be fostered. That step the government is taking, and, by subsidies, helping especially to push the South American and South African lines and generally those trading into the South Seas. Not only does this greatly extend their Bridge of Boats, but also it opens new markets to their factories.

Before the war the "Shagaisen," or vessels other than those of the three great companies, the Toyo Kisen Kaisha, the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, and the Osaka Shosen Kaisha, kept to the home coasting trade or to nearby China ports, except in the case of a few more venturesome tramp steamers. Of late, however, these "Shagaisen" have launched out and trade to all parts of the world, operating for this larger purpose a gross tonnage exceeding a million. Of course, many of these new lines cannot be expected to pay when first established, but the Japanese are meeting this difficulty just as they have met previous ones too large for individual enterprise—by financial aid from the government. To a student of mercantile economics it is interesting to note that they are as successful in their system of governmental assistance to privately owned and operated enterprises, as they are not when they combine government ownership with government

operation. The explanation is not far to seek—the former enjoys what the latter lacks, i.e., the all-important incentive of individual enterprise, and freedom from political appointees or political hour-and-rate control.

Perhaps, in passing, it will be permitted to a friendly foreigner to take up the cudgels on behalf of Japan in regard to a couple of strictures upon her methods of business. There are two comments of a critical character which most travellers make after investigating Japanese commercial methods. Both deserve explanation, and as complementary to that explanation there should be added another general comment which ought to be made but never is. The first concerns the alleged practice of employing Chinese cashiers or compradors, and the second, the divergence from sample of goods delivered on order by Japanese exporters. The comment which is not made but should be, concerns their limited equipment of modern machinery and commercial appliances, including motor cars, telephones, etc., notwithstanding which, Japan has made her remarkable industrial advance.

Let us take an honest, open-minded look at the Chinese comprador custom, so often used by critics as an admission by the Japanese that they do not dare trust their own people when

it comes to handling cash. In the first place, very few of these Chinese are actually so employed, and in the second place this interpretation of the practice is unfair and incomplete. The fact is that the Japanese are not good at figures. It takes some time to realize this, but you come to it at last. They have excellent brains, but lack precision and concentration, so absolutely necessary when dealing with figures. Among numerous instances of this which recur to the memory, take the following as fair examples. The manager of the Tokyo office of a large steamship company, after stating that a servant's ticket cost two-thirds of the regular first-class fare, broke down completely when he tried to figure out that amount, and ended by frankly asking "how do you get two-thirds of a number?" I took this to mean that he was temporarily embarrassed by the absence of his abacus or counting board, so universally used for calculation in the Far East, but later the ticket-seller at the Miyajima railway station, even with his abacus, made such a mess of figuring four and a half fares to Shimonoseki that the hotel porter had to help him out. A shopman in Nikko named a price on a certain lot of antiquities after spending some minutes over the problem with his abacus, only to be corrected in his

addition later by his employer, who thereby materially reduced the price. Try to draw money on a letter of credit at any Japanese bank and see what happens, and how long it takes you to get the funds. An American, invited to accept (which he later did) the presidency of a fifty million yen (\$25,000,000) corporation with half Japanese and half American capital, told me in Tokyo that one of his conditions had been that American bookkeeping methods and bookkeepers be employed, because the Japanese were so poor at figures, and not because he doubted their integrity. An American teacher, after eight years' experience in teaching Japanese youth, reports that although they showed a surprising ability to memorize dates or statistics of any sort, they were strangely unable to unravel the ordinary mathematical problems easily handled by the average American of similar age. The matter of Japanese honesty is in nowise involved in the Chinese comprador practice, for all who have travelled in Europe will be agreeably surprised by the honesty of Japanese servants and hotel people. After four months there and never once locking our hotel rooms, we not only lost nothing, but were twice bothered by having articles not our own put into our luggage. Indeed, nowhere will the traveller experience such honesty

and desire to please from all with whom he comes in contact as in Japan.

The Chinaman, on the other hand, seems to come naturally by his skill at figures. Some of them are almost uncanny in the rapidity with which they will work out the most intricate problem of accounts. This is particularly noticeable in those dealing with foreign exchange. The Chinese are as skillful with figures as the Japanese are slow, and this rather uncomplimentary explanation is all that is needed to dispel the Chinese comprador bogey of the anti-Japanese critic. Lastly, we refer this same critic to a new comprador story which he will find in our chapter on China.

And now for the divergence-from-sample criticism, which is unfortunately a "true bill," and one freely criticized by the Japanese press and chambers of commerce. So honest is the average Japanese that it makes one reluctant to say of this fact "shortsighted unscrupulousness of certain exporters," and then change the subject to one more pleasant. A frank facing of the situation, followed by an investigation of their manufacturing methods, may help to clear up some of the sources of these regrettable divergencies. In the first place, one notes that Japan, dotted everywhere with mountains, is a paradise of water

power, a fact which American capitalists are beginning to recognize, as is evidenced by the recent embarkation of \$10,000,000 by one American corporation in Japanese water-power plants, on a fifty-fifty basis with the local people. The value of this cheap form of power has long been understood in those islands, where, for generations before its larger possibilities were grasped, it had been used in many small ways. For example, junks with water-wheels attached are anchored in the streams whose current, operating the wheels, provides cheap power to grind rice from the neighboring fields. Even the poor man's house has electric light, for a ten-candle-power light costs but four cents per night. In many villages the people enjoy free electric lighting in their houses because the streams that generate the power are the common property of the community. Most toyshops sell cheap water-wheels with pipes and tiny rice-mill complete, so that children early learn the mechanics of water power. One sees hillside villages through which a rivulet, brought in at the top, turns a series of waterwheels all the way down the village street, giving power for a dozen or more small industries conducted by workmen in their own homes. A natural result of this was the development and spread of what the English call "cottage indus-

tries" as contradistinguished from factories, of which latter, speaking comparatively, there are but few thus far in Japan. This "cottage industry" system doubtless makes for better living conditions among those employed therein than is possible in the average factory community, but it has its commercial drawbacks. Articles manufactured in the workmen's homes, be they pottery, cutlery, toys or what not, can never be so exactly alike as those turned out from a factory. To the merchant this means that the goods he ordered from the manufacturer will not run so true to sample if from a "cottage industry" source as from a factory. As a result the merchant becomes accustomed to this divergence from sample and grows careless in the same regard with his customers. Perhaps we have here at least a partial explanation for the evil we are investigating. The laxity some Japanese exporters display in letting their deliveries differ from samples used by their agents when soliciting orders is proving so hurtful to their export trade that certain of their leading chambers of commerce and newspapers have indulged in plain speech, demanding reforms. "Get-rich-quick" methods are proving as fallacious there as in ours, or any other country, and they themselves have waked up to it, and are quite frank on the subject.

There has lately been considerable public discussion in Tokyo and Yokohama concerning the falling off which this unfortunate practice has caused in the large match trade which Japanese manufacturers captured when German and other European supplies were cut off by the war. Speaking of matches, it is both interesting and significant that the Japanese match men are planning to combine and then enlist American capital, thus also securing the latest American improvements in machinery. A similar action is being taken by some Tokyo toy manufacturers. Does this not suggest a useful manner of pushing American trade in the Orient? Buying into a successful "going concern" with established markets for its wares, and then cheapening and bettering the product is surely a shorter and more certain road to foreign markets than a haphazard invasion with illy prepared agents, as some American firms are doing. Japan has been placed near the Asian markets by the "act of God," but needs our capital for their large development just as much as we need her knowledge of those markets and influence therein.

And now for one general observation which foreign investigators of Japanese commercial progress ought to make but do not—that of how little their amazing progress has been aided by

the use of modern mechanical appliances and machinery. Modern industrial methods are needed there more than is suspected by the average foreigner impressed by Japan's success in warfare and shipbuilding. He will be surprised to learn that although the use of electric light is general because abundant water-power makes it cheap, there are few telephones, and as for motor cars, so necessary to us that they are no longer classed as luxuries even by the small farmer, there are but 3600 in Tokyo to a population of over two million, but 250 in Kyoto for over four hundred thousand people, and the same limited number for the three hundred thousand of such a cosmopolitan, up-to-date seaport as Yokohama, the greatest in Japan. The present character of the rice-fields precludes the employment of agricultural machinery, used so little there in any branch of agriculture, although the country is so peculiarly dependent upon the product of its soil. These things are coming, but they are doing so but slowly, and they have a long way to come before reaching the Occidental level. Their telephones and telegraphs, all owned and operated by the government, are no more efficient than this experiment has proved in ours or any other country. These comments are not made to criticize the Japanese for being backward, but to

point out that she has thus far made her wonderful industrial advance without the valuable assistance other nations are drawing from motors plus agricultural and other machinery. When she equips her hard-working and cheap manpower with the manifold arm of sufficient modern machinery it is difficult to predict the strides she will make. And she is getting ready to do this very thing—make no mistake about it!

A consideration of the Bridge of Boats constructed by the Japanese has particular value for Americans for two reasons. The first is that it proves the results thus obtainable for our factory-invested capital and even more for American labor, since by increasing the foreign market for the former's products it thereby broadens the demand for workmen, and a rising demand means a rising wage. Nothing is more important to the future of our great republic than continued and increasing employment for our labor at such a rate as will gradually elevate their standard of living. It is a great blessing that we all work in America, and therefore, how to raise the level of our workmen both in his work and in his home is the most vital problem to which our statesmen can turn their attention. The Japanese realize this, and in their Bridge of Boats they have worked out a fine all around plan for

achieving the desired result in a manner benefiting a maximum of their citizenship at home or afloat, working with hands in the shops or ships, or with brains in directing them. We cannot do better than to go and do likewise.

The second reason why it is highly desirable for us to know of the Bridge of Boats and of the prosperity it brings to Japan is because this knowledge will clear up much misunderstanding by our people of Japan's purposes and what she is going to do next. Clearly, she is at one of those great parting of the ways, one of those Crossroads of Destiny to which all nations come in the course of their development. Which way is she heading? To paraphrase a popular song, "We don't know where she's going, but she's on her way." She certainly is "on her way," and that, too, with all sails set. Many Japanese leaders of political thought, realizing her great strides as an exporting nation with unlimited cheap water and man power, frown upon the military party urging reliance upon the army and navy alone to advance her prosperity and prestige. The former see the desired goal more safely reached through increasing the nation's wealth, thereby bettering living conditions, and thus making hers a greater people. And their strongest argument is what her Bridge of Boats

has done and will do for Japan. Nor do they wish to risk the destruction of that bridge.

The military folk say "we need more territory for our overcrowded population increasing at the rate of 700,000 per year. See what we gained for you in the Chinese and the Russian wars; we will do even greater things if a freer hand be given us." Which leaders will the sagacious Japanese follow? Let us try to look at the problem through their eyes, which means that we must give fair consideration to both the pathways now open to them.

All Occidentals know of the achievements of Japanese arms during the last twenty-five years, and of the territorial gain to their Empire which resulted therefrom. Korea, the size of the British Isles, has been definitely incorporated into the Empire and so has the large island of Formosa and the southerly half of Sakhalien, while the leasehold upon Manchuria is an even more important and valuable prize. Because of this knowledge it is but natural that foreigners jump to the conclusion that Japan is not only ready for war at any moment, but is actually spoiling for it. But would those Occidentals reach that conclusion if they knew as much about Japan's recent victories of peace, and chief among them her Bridge of Boats? We venture to think not!

One cannot intelligently discuss the problem of the Far East by treating of Japan on land alone, and without consideration of how her amazing commercial successes upon and across the high seas influence her toward peace; her merchant fleets would disappear as has Germany's should she fail in war, and her people know it.

On the other hand, it is well to be entirely frank concerning the strength of her military party, which opposes acceptance of a peaceful evolution through increasing commercial relations with the outside world. It is headed by tirelessly active leaders as sagacious in peace as they have proved themselves in war. Through their efforts the schoolchildren, those masters of to-morrow, are everywhere given military drill, even girls and boys in primary schools. Almost every temple possesses a striking military trophy of cannon taken from the Russians. Terauchi did this, and it was generally approved except by a few old-fashioned folk who grumbled that for centuries the only warlike trophies permitted in Buddhist temples had been imitation and not real weapons. The fighting man has always enjoyed great prestige in Japan, and it is only natural that this fact should be exploited along political lines by military politicians. The acquisition of Formosa, of Manchuria, of Korea flattered the national

pride, just as it would have done that of any other people, and, of course, this strengthened the prestige of the military party. Popularity of the right to wear uniform has been employed here just as it was in Germany. Government employees, and they are legion, wear uniforms. Primary school boys all wear military caps, while middle school, high school and university students have neat dark blue uniforms with metal buttons, though the university men add an academic touch by having their military caps slightly squared at the top—a sort of martial cousin to the “mortar board” headgear of Anglo-Saxon collegians.

Then, too, the military party enjoys the support of the yellow press (in this regard Japan is quite up to date!), which is to-day protesting stoutly against any reduction in the force of 60,000 men which their military authorities sent into Siberia when the British and ourselves, adhering to the agreement, sent only 7,000 men apiece. Furthermore, those same papers hint at a permanence of their forces there, on the ground of Siberia's adjoining Manchuria. The Tokyo newspapers announced that on November 26, 1919, the Japanese Diplomatic Advisory Council recommended that no additional forces be sent to Siberia as requested by the War Department. Two days later the same papers reported that

General Tanaka, the War Minister, had nevertheless decided it was necessary to send them, and the evening and night of the following day, on my way to Shimonoseki from Korea, I witnessed the departure of five transports loaded with troops. This episode seems to indicate that the War Department has the final say in such matters.

Another light upon the military party's plans comes from a speech made in October, 1919, by a leading Australian labor orator. He urged that Australia do not accept the mandate for the German islands south of the equator, because that carried with it an approval of Japan's retaining the German Caroline and Marshall islands north of that line. He argued that they were shipping to those islands many airplanes and much concrete, which, he opined, were not for agricultural purposes! The Japanese militarists know that those islands lie athwart our lines of communication from Hawaii to the Philippines; they know that at the end of the Spanish war we offered Spain one million dollars for the Caroline Islands but she refused it; they know that in Jaluit, on one of the Marshall Islands, they have a strong naval base 1400 miles nearer to Hawaii (and therefore nearer to California) than their navy formerly enjoyed, and they know

the effect that these facts must have upon America's opinion of Japan's policy in the Pacific. They know all this, and—they don't care what we may be thinking on the subject, for our friendship or commercial cooperation interests them not at all! They do not feel, as do outsiders, that a choice by any nation of the path marked out by such as they, inevitably leads down through increasing international distrust to loss of credit (commercial and otherwise) abroad, and finally to the end which Prussia reached—a swamp engulfing for more than a generation all national ambitions, proper and improper alike. Just here it should be remarked that although we all recognize what Germany has lost in men, material, indemnity requirements, and sapping of national vitality by death of the physically fittest, not yet do either we or they realize what her loss of world credit means and will mean. Six-sevenths of the world's business is done with credit, and only one-seventh with cash. Germany is short of cash, but she will find that she is equally short of credit. Her army's treatment of Belgium and northern France will prove to have been bad business, in the strictest sense of the word. Germany has demonstrated the *reductio ad absurdum* of militaristic policies, just as Russia has proved that the world can be made

too free for democracy. A democracy of the present Russian type is as dangerous in its freedom from restraint as was the Prussian army clique. Bolshevik demagogues and German Junkers come to the same in the end.

Japanese advocates of territorial expansion by force of arms always include in their popular inducements the bait of an enhanced influence in and about the Pacific, their home ocean. But there are many of their fellow-citizens, influential men, who, having seen Germany lose her Pacific islands and Alsace-Lorraine, understand that taking does not always mean keeping. Furthermore, these wise heads realize that it is unwise to risk losing their carefully built up Bridge of Boats, which can acquire for them something far more important to their future than a few islands or square miles of alien territory, viz., increasing market outlets so incessantly demanded by the mounting production of their national industries. These trained business minds, counselling together in the powerful Chamber of Commerce at Tokyo, Yokohama and other centres regret that, although in 1905 during their Russian war, American sympathy everywhere favored Japan, and our pockets were open to her loans, all that is now changed. Who changed it if not the advancing policies of their military party? Perhaps

an X-ray instrument put upon the brains (and fine brains, too!) at the centre of their army and navy factions might reveal some fuller answer than outsiders can guess—especially if operated on the head of the overreaching blunderers who served the outrageous twenty-one demands (or more properly, five groups of demands) on China in January, 1915.

Notwithstanding the military party's influence in the conduct of the Japanese Government I do not believe they will succeed in leading down the Prussian pathway a shrewd people imbued with long traditions of frugality, decency and practical thinking,—of love for ancestors practised in loving care of children,—of industry and æsthetic tastes nowhere and never surpassed. And why do I thus conclude after but four months' study of conditions in different parts of the Island Empire? It is because I thus learned at first hand of the effects at home as well as on the seas and abroad, of their far-reaching Bridge of Boats. To risk losing that bridge to national prosperity and progress would be folly. Over that structure of peace lies their surest and quickest path to increasing power among the nations of the earth, and a growing proportion of those sturdy islanders know it.

The question, then, which really confronts the

investigator is, will or will not those among them who value the friendship of Americans and what that friendship means of capital and markets, be able to restrain their military partisans? — and, secondly, can they swing their public opinion and next their leaders to their new and broader international viewpoint? We have agreed that they are at the crossroads of their national destiny — will they step out in the direction of disregarding others' points of view as in the short-sighted military dispensation in Korea lately changed, and the clumsy handling of the Shantung opportunity, for both of which the military party is to blame, and, most significant of all, retain the Pacific islands athwart our line to the Philippines? Or will they turn to the right, and by regaining the public support they enjoyed in 1905 throughout America, the world's richest nation, win on to increasing greatness hand in hand with the resources of our great republic instead of in spite of us? France had to make this same choice concerning England after her Fashoda incident. She decided to check her military party's "policy of pin-pricks" as it was then called, and confine her territorial expansion within reasonable limits. The result of her choice in that crisis was then supposed to concern none but herself

and England. We now know that it made possible an Anglo-French friendship which under the skillful diplomacy of that very great English King, Edward VII, blossomed into the Anglo-French Entente which in 1914, '15, and '16 saved European civilization from the Huns.

The question of which pathway to increasing greatness the Japanese choose is not only of vital importance to them, but also it deeply concerns the other great powers, and especially ourselves and Great Britain, with our important interests in and about the Pacific Ocean. This choice of route to a lofty goal is one which must be decided by the Japanese people themselves. Those of us foreigners who admire the ancient spirit of that land can only look on and hope that the choice of the modern incarnation of that spirit will accord with what we believe to be the strength of its roots in the past. Our belief that the military party will not succeed in leading it down the Prussian pathway has its strongest support in the Bridge of Boats.

CHAPTER IV

LEAVES FROM A NOTEBOOK

HERE we are, steaming up the deep bay on whose westerly shores Perry landed, and beyond his landing place on the left rises Yokohama, and further still, where shallow water protects it, Tokyo. How shall we see this charming country together?—all its fascinating sights—its national development so distinctive and special in every detail—its people who act and think along Oriental lines, and express their thoughts in a fashion differing more widely from ours than at first one realizes. So kaleidoscopic is the impression it all makes upon the newly arrived Occidental that any attempt to give a coherently continued description must prove futile. Perhaps our best course will be to put into your hands some random pencil sketches of what struck us as novel and interesting, and with them give you the advice not to spend much time at first in modernized Yokohama or Tokyo, but to get on without delay to such places as Kyoto or Nikko or Nara, which *are* the Japan you have come so far to see. After

that, a little later on, come back to the great capital and its nearby seaport with mind and eye enlightened upon things Japanese and therefore more indulgent to the modern Japan, which, frankly, is not especially engaging. After you have glanced through these pencil notes, and after we have seen certain ancient gardens, and gone on some pilgrimages together, then we will venture sundry conclusions concerning the national expressions or policies of this people into whose daily life we have been looking.

International policies are but external products of the internal development of a people, and cannot properly be understood by foreigners unwilling or unable to learn of that internal development which reveals itself in the nation's daily life. This is particularly a land that one must see for himself, for there await him surprises everywhere, and every day,—around every corner;—no land contains so many for even the blasé foreign traveller as Japan! Nor does reading in advance of descriptive travel books prepare one for them, so varied are they, and beyond the intake of any one book-writing mind. Here follow random notes upon a few of the surprises that struck this particular writer.

Newspaper Reporters.—The boasted enterprise of New York or Chicago reporters, espe-

cially as exhibited in the interviewing of helpless foreigners reaching our Land of Freedom, has nothing which Tokyo or Yokohama cannot equal for those arriving at the latter. I was honored by intimate inquisitorial contact with gentlemen representing no less than seven journals of those two cities, and their vigorous methods put both the Holy Inquisition and a stomach-pump equally to shame. And their photographers! they practise their art (or assaults, if you prefer it) in such smilingly ruthless fashion that one really cannot indulge in the justifiable homicide which should be their lot. When a friend was welcoming me in the Imperial Hotel at Tokyo, one of these camera bandits actually rested his weapon on the shoulder of the said friend, exploded a flashlight, and then instantly offered his official card with so guileless and engaging a smile as completely to disarm the victim. The insistence of the interviewers, as well as their voluminous interrogations have, however, compensation in the fact that they publish what you say, instead of what you don't, as has been known to happen upon (shall we say) rare occasions at home!

Bare Heads.—Perhaps the skulls of the Japanese are thicker than ours, or else from babyhood they have been accustomed to having their heads uncovered,—anyhow they seem not to notice the

cold of winter any more than the summer's sun, for they are naturally a hatless race. The peaked straw hats of the coolies are not hats at all,—they are little roofs that rest only upon the extreme top of the skull, and require a band under the chin, or around each ear, to keep them on. The women never wear any hats, for their coiffure is too elaborate and too much a source of pride to undergo even temporary eclipse under any sort of headgear. You will see coolies with a strip of white cotton tied about their heads so that they seem to be wearing low turbans, but they aren't—it is only a bandage around the brows and back of the head, leaving the top of it bare. Men and boys wear their hair either closely cropped or entirely shaved off. Of late years the soft felt hat of the Occident has come in with European clothes, but almost never our hard derby hat. The silk hat accompanies the frock coat of ceremony, to which garment they still cling notwithstanding its demise elsewhere. Schoolboys and university students are allowed to wear a uniform cap when in public which, of course, is a proud privilege, but otherwise—bare heads. We arrived in Yokohama a rainy day in September—bare heads everywhere! We sailed from Yokohama a bleak morning late in December, with a cold wind blowing in from the sea, but

of all the Japanese crowding the pier to say "Sayonara" to their friends, only a very few possessed hats, so bare heads was our first and last impression of that sturdy race.

Dress of a Sturdy Race.—Nor are bare heads for young and old the only indications of the sturdiness that blesses these rugged islanders. Bare legs and scant clothing, regardless of rain or cold, are everywhere to be seen. If they are not born tough, it must toughen them! Japan, like England, is a rainy country, and especially so when one gets up into the hills. At Nikko it rains an unfair proportion of the time, and cold rain too, but nevertheless the men and boys went about with bare legs and light cotton garments, and the women's clothes would have seemed unhealthily thin were it not for the protection given by the broad obi tied around the body. So light and airy seems the national costume that when you see a Japanese man in European dress he looks unduly muffled up! Although the men frequently wear foreign attire, the women never do, except when it is required, as for court ladies at official functions. It is more than well that they thus cling to their national costume, whose long graceful lines suits their dainty build admirably, while they always look strange in our style of dress, which suits them not at all. **A**

Japanese man of large affairs told me that he wore western clothes when at work, for they were more practical and better suited for that purpose than his native clothing, but that when office hours were over, he changed back because he was vastly more comfortable when freed from our collars and trousers!

Umbrellas.—As we have already remarked, it rains a good deal in Japan during certain seasons of the year, just as it does in England, but no one ever accused the English of utilizing their bad weather to add picturesqueness to their appearance, but the Japanese do! As soon as the rain comes on, out swarm yellow oiled-paper umbrellas, large broad ones, useful to cover the load on a coolie's back as well as himself, or the baby peeping over its mother's shoulders. And always the bright color of the umbrella and its translucence lend a halo to the bearer that distinctly brightens the scene. Not only are these umbrellas never so gloomy and dispiriting as are ours, but also they are never so monotonous in effect, for painted upon them are effective ideographs giving the owner's name, or the hotel where he is stopping, or the business house with which he is connected. Even the poorest carry them because they are so cheap, costing only twenty to thirty cents. They are surprisingly durable and imper-

vious to the rain. Their only inconvenience is that they must be set out to dry after the rain is over, but this practice is also picturesque, for the day after a rain Japan blooms with innumerable yellow umbrellas like great blossoms a-drying in the sun.

Clogs.—As practical and effective as their umbrellas for wet weather are their high wooden clogs. Japanese like and wear these clogs everywhere outdoors, even in fine weather. When it is rainy, no other footgear provides so sure a guarantee of dry feet. Their use makes for a rather awkward gait but also insures those strong ankles with which this people are blest. Also, and furthermore, it puts a certain sound into a foreigner's head that ever after means for him "Japan"—a musical click as the clog strikes the ground and then a faint scuff between the clicks. They call this sound "koron-koron." Generally, the women strike the ground more sharply with one clog than the other, so that there is a distinct difference in the sounds produced—the note is higher for the foot striking the harder. Some one has said that if you stand above a city its sound, rising up, reaches you as one musical note—A flat for Naples, for example. In similar fashion, the musical "click, scuff, click, scuff" of

wooden clogs is a memory one is sure to take home from Japan.

Congress Gaiters.—Japanese lay off their footgear when they enter a house, and in the old days, before the invasion of things modern, this was quite simple, for the sandal or the clog slipped on or off quite readily. The shoe of western civilization presented quite a problem to the Japanese mind, for unbuttoning or unlacing meant time and trouble to him who had many times a day to shed these modern conveniences (?). Our old-fashioned "Congress gaiter," without laces or buttons, but with elastic sides making them equally easy to put on or off, has provided a solution for this problem, so the now despised Congress gaiter of the western world, after shaking off the dust of our unappreciative land, has taken up its residence in Japan, where it would seem to have filed naturalization papers.

Bundles.—In our country bundles are not only a nuisance,—both one's own and other people's,—but also they are unsightly. Perhaps, if they were not so unsightly they would not be considered such nuisances, and yet nobody has ever undertaken such a needed æsthetic reform. But in Japan, bundles are actually picturesque! The more other people carry of them, the more do they thereby brighten the picture, and even

your own bundles look so attractive as to make it positively pleasing to carry them about. The reason is that the Japanese have the custom of wrapping all bundles in colored pieces of stuff called "furoshiki," and these pieces might have been cut from Joseph's coat of many colors, so gay and variegated are they. The better the taste of the man or the woman, the better selected and combined are the hues of his or her handkerchief-like bundle-cover. Men carry their bundles just as our men do—in whatever happens to be the easiest way, but girls always carry theirs upon one of their arms, generally using the other to steady it. Schoolgirls on their way to or from school carry their books in this manner, and the gay little bundles add noticeably to the charming effect produced by a group of these merry little damsels, chatting busily together.

Gold Teeth.—The gold fish which so abound in Japan are charming, but gold front teeth, nowadays equally abundant, are far from attractive. Of late years there has arisen there a craze for dentistry, and what is the use of investing money in modern dentistry unless you have something to show for it! This is one of the many cases in which it would be better to be an altruist, and refrain from seeking such ostentatiously opulent effects, but alas! the gold front tooth has become

so popular that "what cannot be cured must be endured."

Railway Travel.—Their trains are very comfortable, but unfortunately, neat as are the Japanese in their homes, and, indeed, everywhere else, they are not properly train-broken. They litter up the floor with orange peel, paper, cigarette butts, etc.,—even in the first-class cars of the best express trains. Every once in a while their own newspapers indulge in tirades against this peculiarity, but it seems to persist notwithstanding. These untidy habits are somewhat offset by the constantly reappearing train-boy, brush in hand, who cleans up the débris cast down by careless passengers.

Their railroads are all narrow gauge which, of course, means narrow cars, but not uncomfortably so, for the seats in the day coaches, and the berths in the sleeping cars (except in a few compartments) run lengthwise the car. The dining cars are especially good, European food, now becoming so popular among the Japanese, being always served. It is varied, well cooked, and quite cheap, so the dining cars enjoy a large patronage and are full a large part of the day. The berths on the sleeping cars are as comfortable as ours. Even express trains do not run very fast in Japan, seldom exceeding an average of

twenty-five miles an hour, and the result is that sleeping cars are used for distances that would be considered too short for them in America. At every station there are boys selling "bento" or lunch boxes, very neat and appetizing in their make-up, and these boys do a thriving business, for the Japanese are good trenchermen. Most of the stations have large open wash-stands with brass bowls and faucets, and passengers patronize these conveniences in large numbers. The Japanese not only washes his hands and face but also his entire head, and like the clean, healthy animal he is, takes evident pleasure in his ablutions.

Railways as Novelties.—Several amusing stories are told of the bewilderment which the railways, when first introduced, caused to the Japanese peasant. He was glad to avail himself of this novel convenience, but understood it not at all. He had always been accustomed to leave his clogs or sandals outside the door before entering a house. To his unenlightened mind this railway car was a sort of a house, and therefore, before mounting the car platform, he would slip off his footgear as usual, and later be much surprised and annoyed not to find them waiting for him when the train stopped at his station!

In this land of paper windows, the glass panes used in the railway cars had at first to be pro-

tected against ignorance by red lines painted across them. Otherwise the passengers, especially those travelling third class, would have bumped or cut their heads through disregard of the unexpected panes.

English Spoken.—It is surprising how much English one hears in Japan. One is constantly reminded that ours is really a world language, and is daily becoming more so. Every Japanese schoolboy is required to study English five years, and although this no more guarantees fluency than does study of foreign languages among us, still it shows its effect. The Japanese youth loves to practise his English, and sometimes it seems to the traveller that the less he knows, the better he enjoys the practice. But on the whole, the result is useful for the Anglo-Saxon, because he can get about anywhere in Japan with no other language than his own far more comfortably than in any other foreign land. Even if he loses his way in a street or “gets stymied” (as a golfer would say) in some shop, there always turns up an amiable Japanese of recent education, very pleased to help out and at the same time practise his English.

Sightseeing.—There is one purely Japanese trait that you will hardly notice during your first few weeks there, but thereafter it will grow

rapidly in wonder—their amazing capacity for sightseeing.

You are travelling for that purpose and therefore will no more realize it at first than a man on a steamer feels the wind if it is blowing in the same direction he is steaming, but everywhere you go there will be groups of guide-conducted tourists—large groups—and all much interested in the sights and therefore strikingly different from the bored squads of Americans or English one sees being herded about the galleries of Europe. And even more surprising than the number, interest and frequency of these Japanese adult tourists are the classes or whole schools of young people bent on the same inquisitive and educating errand. Nor is it all “cakes and ale” for these student sightseers, for they must write down their impressions on the spot. I remember seeing several dozen boys about ten years old stopped by their teacher at the exit of the Kyoto Zoo because one of them had not finished writing out his views concerning the animals! All these sightseers, whether school children or their elders, seem always to be having a beautiful time, a real holiday outing. To see them trooping into a Japanese hotel late in the afternoon, all talking and laughing at once, with none seeming tired or bored, no signs of an irk-

some duty done that our tourists generally display, gives one quite a side light upon the national capacity for getting pleasure out of everything, a trait that the generally happy face of the passerby on a Japanese street indicates. You can hardly travel anywhere in Japan without seeing whole trainloads of tourists on their way not only to accessible points of interest like Nara or Nikko or Kyoto, but also to more out-of-the-way sights like Amono-Hashidate or Miyajima. In a later chapter we will speak of the frequent pilgrimages (a type of religious sightseeing) which are so prevalent in Japan as to provide a striking parallel for the wide popularity similar visits to holy places enjoyed in Europe during the Middle Ages. All this means that the average Japanese will, if questioned, be found to have seen more of his own country than have any other people. "See Japan first" is as much his motto as ours is "travel abroad to complete your education."

Japanese Inns.—Japanese hostelries deserve a better name than that which travellers usually give them. Just because of certain peculiarities of Japanese food, such as raw fish, sweet soup, etc., unpalatable to the Occidental, why should there be forgotten the exquisite neatness, the attention to your comfort, and the quaint customs always there found. "But I don't like sleeping

on the floor" you say. How do you know whether you do or not until you try it in Japanese fashion? The deft little maids bring in a number of thick quilts called "futon." These are placed one on top of the other until the necessary softness and thickness has been attained. Then one, folded up, is placed under one end of the topmost futon to elevate it to the dignity of a pillow. Over the top of recumbent you is laid a comforter, thick or light, as the season demands. If you don't find that a comfortable bed, then you are a difficult traveller to please!

When the Japanese travel they don't have to think about the toilet equipment which concerns you and me about to stop at an American or European hotel, because the Japanese inns provide each patron with a fresh kimono to sleep in, a new tooth brush and, of course, towels and soap. Also, you will always find ready a hot bath, for don't forget you are in a land where everybody takes one daily. It is the strangeness of Japanese food, and the, for us, unpalatableness of many of its compounds, that clouds the memory of life at their inns. If you will only have the wit to learn which Japanese dishes you like and keep to them, you will soon learn why life in native inns is so attractive to the Japanese, a

people who travel about in their own country more than any other nation in the world.

Bridges.—Perhaps it is because the Japanese are such enthusiastic travellers and sightseers that the bridges of their country are so picturesque and varied in form. They certainly, for some reason or other, have been given particular consideration. Just as the Golden Milestone in the Roman Forum was the starting point from which road distances all over the Empire were measured, so it is from a bridge, the Nihon-bashi in Tokyo, that starts the nation's great travel artery—the Tokaido road, which runs from the present capital to the ancient one of Kyoto. Collectors or admirers of Japanese color-prints will remember that many of the most interesting ones depict bridges on the Tokaido and that no two of them are alike. Almost always there is a graceful upward curve, for the Japanese does not like flat bridges. Sometimes he pushes this taste so far as to make a perfect half-circle of his arch, but such bridges are set in gardens or elsewhere to serve ornamental purposes only, for the difficulty of mounting their steep sides would mean delay to traffic seriously bent on going somewhere. The sacred red bridge at Nikko (Mihasi), shut to all save royalty, has its graceful lines, brilliant color and wood and background repeated

in many another spot in the Island Empire, and so has that other famous red bridge high up on the mountain slopes of Koya San. Frequent also is the use of the do-bashi, or bridge covered with an earthen roadway. This construction makes easy any repairs to the bridge surface, and is so attractive withal as to gain it space in formal gardens, as enhancing a pool's beauty. The old Chinese were very fond of thus introducing bridges of some quaint form into their gardens, such as the one of zigzag stones leading to the Woo-Sing-Ding teahouse in Shanghai, and this fashion found a hearty welcome in Japan. Perhaps the most pleasing bridge of that type is the old one brought from the Bishamon to the Senten Goshō in Tokyo and described elsewhere. It is safe to say that no people save the Venetians have ever rivalled the æsthetic interest in bridges shown throughout Japan.

Boats.—The familiar old Moody and Sankey hymn of "Pull for the shore, sailor, pull for the shore," would not suit the Japanese, for with them a boat is not pulled; it is pushed! There the boatman stands instead of sitting, and pushes forward his boat by means of sculling over the stern with one long oar. Nor does this oar at all resemble that with which our boats are infrequently propelled in similar fashion, for it is es-

pecially made for this purpose, and consists of two long sections joined together at a slight angle about half way up. At first sight it seems a clumsy contrivance intended only to make a long oar out of two short pieces, but try it, and you will find that the slight angle at the joint not only increases your leverage for the short side strokes required in this sort of sculling, but also it materially assists the feathering of the blade.

Sometimes two of these oars are used at the same time, in which case the second sculler is stationed a little forward of his mate and on the opposite side of the boat. The oar is not operated between tholepins, as in England, nor on a swivel set in the boat's side as in America. It has a short, small, wooden pin on the under side two or three inches long, which fits into a round socket on the gunwale, and it requires no little dexterity to keep the great oar from riding up in the air and unsocketing this pin.

This method of boat propulsion has a marked effect upon the shape of the craft, for it necessitates a sharp, narrow, and long bow. In other parts of the Far East one sees this same sort of propulsion from the rear, though generally aided by oars pulled near the bow, but never in Japan.

Lanterns.—After one has visited Japan his memories thereof will always be brightened by

the mellow light of lanterns,—tiny ones on the jinrikishas, larger lanterns lighting the footsteps of beclugged pedestrians, larger still before shops, and huge lanterns suspended in temples. Different “cho” (or sections of a city) when holding religious festivities, hang out in front of each house large lanterns painted with the cho’s ideographs, and for these a wooden post is provided, with an umbrella or small roof to keep rain off the light. Sometimes you pass through a village thus illuminated for a festival, and its warm mellow light will not soon be forgotten. These lanterns are more durable than they look to be, and, because made of oiled paper, resist the weather to a surprising extent. Policemen always carry them when on duty at night, marked with official ideographs, and the combination of a paper lantern with the formal western uniform of its bearer strikes an Occidental as very odd.

Paper Windows.—At night Japanese houses seem to the foreigner rather like large lanterns because their windows (or rather, the front sliding panels that serve as windows) are but close trellises of wood over whose small interstices is pasted oiled paper. Out through these small panes there gleams the same mellow glow as that from the lanterns. It is a warm, cosy illumination, whether given out by a home to the night

without, or carried by the wayfarer. The memory of it is most persistent, for its light clings to the thought as does the perfume of roses about a picture of last year's garden.

Houses of Rich and Poor.—In no other land is there so little seeming disparity between the house of the rich man and his poor neighbor as in Japan. Perhaps the simplicity taught by the Shinto religion has much to do with this. At any rate, it is an obvious and commendable fact. Of course, the kakemono painting and the artistic objects displayed in the tokonoma of the poor man or the materials used for his house cannot vie in beauty or cost with those of the rich man similarly displayed, but the simple cleanliness and interior construction of both are the same and so is the form—the same plain walls, mats, ceiling, and hibashi if it is cold. The nari-kin (as the nouveau riche—the war profiteer—is called) is apt to go in for European houses, and so are a few of the “quality” in Tokyo, but the vast majority of those possessing ample means still affect Japanese dwellings and a splendid simplicity that is more effective and surely more admirable than the average house of the unenlightened wealthy with us.

Smallness of Women.—Of course, we all know that the Japanese are not a tall race, but

the men one sees are strongly built, and though obviously shorter on the average than Occidentals, and especially than Anglo-Saxons, they do not seem in any way diminutive. But the women do, and their tininess will surprise you more than almost anything else in that land of surprises. Not only are they slenderly made, but also so short that not even their large head-dresses disguise it.

Babies are numerous in Japan, and good-sized, square-headed, chunky babies, too. They always go strapped on their mothers' backs, and their size and wrappings by contrast make their slightly stooping parent seem even tinier than she is. Then, too, the national custom of squatting on the haunches make them when in that posture seem mere busts of women, so compactly do they fold up everything south of the long waistline marked by the broad obi, as their external corset-belt is called. Always neat and spotlessly clean, the general effect is that of dainty little creatures—too dainty for the wear and tear of everyday life, and yet no land can show better or tidier housekeepers, or mothers so patriotic in their frequent child-bearing than these same diminutive dames of Nippon.

Babies.—If babies could guide the storks that bring them, and knew the facts about Japan,

every child-transporting stork that flew would surely be turned thither by his small passenger, for in no other land are they so constantly in the midst of all that goes on. A baby who travels about in a baby-carriage has his journeyings limited by that vehicle's bulk, but the Japanese baby is constantly strapped on his mother's back except when he rides on his sister's. In either case he is sure of entertainment, for when with mother he oversees (from above!) all the family house-keeping, shopping, gossiping, etc., while small sisters never let baby interfere with their favorite sport of ball-playing or battledore and shuttlecock. Baby is there all the time, with never a dull moment! Perhaps this is why you never hear him cry. In fact, not only the babies, but also all the children, seem merry souls, enjoying themselves always and everywhere. It is said that the country's population is increasing at the rate of 700,000 per year, and you will readily believe it after you have been there a while and seen the crowds of children, both in city and country.

Street Games.—In no land do the children have a better time than in Japan, and sometimes it seems that they play most of their games in the streets, so numerous “under foot” are they in every city or town. Both girls and boys delight

in playing ball, not only with ordinary sized balls but also with balls extraordinary—much larger than their owners' heads! The boys mostly concern themselves with throwing and catching as practice for their adored baseball. The girls, on the other hand, play a game in which proficiency means ability to bounce the ball a number of times with the sole of the wooden clog—a difficult performance. While one girl is bouncing, the others liven the sport by singing the score, quite like the Basque game of pelota. The girls are also skillful at playing their beloved game of Yarihago, a sort of battledore and shuttlecock, the battledore being a bat-shaped piece of wood a foot long, and much decorated on one side, and the shuttlecock is a black seed gayly feathered. Singing the score is also a feature of this game.

Japanese Carp.—We know the carp as a sluggish fish, but not so in Japan, where he is supposed to represent vigor and enterprise, and as such is a favorite emblem for boys. When the Boys' Festival is held in May they parade about carrying large paper carp. How much better this is than to have meaningless games. For a Japanese boy, the paper carp of his great holiday means something, while the firecracker beloved of our youth on the "Glorious Fourth"

stands for mere noise. That great wood carver, Hidari Jingoro, has left a life-like monument to the energetic carp, for the right-hand panel of his charming gateway at the Higashi Otani, in Kyoto, shows that fish springing straight up a waterfall, a feat characteristic of the Japanese species. In this carving the artist rivals the technique of his English prototype, Grinling Gibbons, but has the advantage of depicting arrested motion instead of the still life preferred by the Westerner.

Baseball. — Amid all the strange surroundings whose every detail differs so markedly from things seen at home, the American finds one home-like sight, for baseball is as omnipresent in Japan as it is in the United States. Every small boy there goes about with a ball and catcher's glove just as does his ilk with us. They play good ball, too. There are frequent open spaces in their cities and towns, and here baseball games are constantly in progress. Every vacant lot is similarly occupied with the boys busy with bat and ball. The fine play of some of their teams, such as that of Waseda University, is well known among us, and their general standard of baseball is distinctly good. The quality of their pitching does not equal ours, but that does not come in one generation.

After baseball (their favorite sport) comes next in order of popularity, tennis. Their tennis is not so good as their baseball, but a few individuals like Kumagae (ranked third in the United States in 1919) play remarkably well. Track athletics are being introduced in the schools and universities, but are succeeding only fairly well. Their sprinters are not yet first class, nor are their competitors in the field events, nor even their middle distance men, for 4.35 is considered a fast mile. On the other hand, it is always easy to get out a large field of good men for a long-distance race, which is far from true in America. Neither the English Rugby game of football nor our own variety is succeeding in Japan, but they are fond of the English game officially called "Association" and popularly loved as "Soccer," and play it well. Rowing has not yet taken firm hold out there, except on the river Sumida, in Tokyo, where university men compete in wooden racing boats.

The younger generation like Occidental sport, and as they are receiving hearty support and encouragement from their elders and from the authorities, it will surely continue to keep its place and do the work it everywhere performs of strengthening the youth both physically and mentally.

Dangers From Automobiles.—An aged Kyoto lady commenting upon the danger to human life caused by reckless automobile driving, compared it with the custom in feudal days of decapitating folk who got in the way of a daimyo upon the highway. “At least,” said she, “due notice was then sent in advance, of when he would travel and by which road, so that if you came to harm for interfering with him you had only yourself to blame. Perhaps it was a rather high-handed proceeding on the part of the daimyo, but you certainly had proper notice, and then, too, the relatives of the deceased had the satisfaction of knowing it was a daimyo who had put them in mourning. Nowadays an automobile driven by a mere nobody thinks nothing of running over anybody, and with absolutely no notice at all!”

Chrysanthemum Shows.—Nowhere out of Japan is so much heard of their chrysanthemum shows as in the United States, where that blossom is greatly liked, grown and improved. And yet, because we did not begin by the shows at Tokyo, we were at first disappointed in what we saw. There is no denying the charm of the Uji show, near Kyoto, especially the dozen or more scenes from ancient history or legends, all of whose many characters are made up of growing and blossoming chrysanthemum plants. In-

tensely ingenious is the way in which, after the framework for one of these figures is fashioned, the small plants are woven in and out to complete them. Only the faces and hands are of papier maché or some similar substance—all else is plants or blossoms. Of course, only varieties with small flowers are selected for this purpose. Each one of these historical pictures is rendered doubly effective by the elaborate scenery provided for it. We found this vastly curious and surprising, but the blooms, even the larger ones shown there in competition, fell below our anticipations. Equally disappointing were the plants shown in several shows held in Kyoto temples, as well as those seen at the nurseries in Kyoto's outskirts, near the Myoshin-ji. The best in that city were some we stumbled upon while attending a set of school games, and, although the exhibition was not widely advertised, it was very attractive. The great show held at Hibiya Park, Tokyo, late in November, not only lives up to one's highest expectations in the matter of flowers but also in the manner of their display. It is not indoors, as ours generally are, but consists of three wide avenues made by lines of flower booths, all alike, but each reserved for a separate exhibitor. Across the further end of these rows of booths is thrown a large half circle of others. Whether

visited by day or at night (when the flowers are excellently illumined from above) the tasteful display is equally pleasing. In the semi-circle of booths, the 1919 show had its potted "water-falls" of chrysanthemums, varieties strange to foreign eyes, and comparatively new even in Japan. Nothing could be more graceful than the way in which these masses of small blooms overflow from their pots and swing down in great bunches. Along the straight lines of booths are the more usual blossoms, but what beauties! huge, perfect, many of them strange in color or stranger still in exaggerations of plumpness or stringiness. Some pots showed a hundred or more blossoms from one root and, more than once, upon that sole root were grafted stems bearing flowers of contrasting colors! There were airplanes made of growing plants, some from only two roots or at most, three. It was not until the third or fourth visit that one could begin to feel that they really knew the show, so bewildering were the early impressions of color, shape and grace.

Imperial Garden Party.—But even finer than the blossoms to be seen at Hibiya Park were those exhibited in the great park of the Akasaka Palace, in which is held the Imperial Garden Party. The booths in which they were displayed

were not all assembled together as in Hibiya Park, but were grouped at different points among the evergreens or amid brilliant maples which so strikingly enliven the foliage of this large enclosure in the autumn. One display of blooms upon single stems of graded heights, particularly lingers in the memory. The guests who wandered from one to another of these nests of booths were obviously of a higher level of floral criticism than those comprising the nondescript citizenry at Hibiya Park. They showed this by their more intense interest, and their friendly arguments upon certain blossoms' merits. The chrysanthemums lent a charmingly interesting background to that otherwise formal function, but one could not escape the regret that repeated visits to study and enjoy them could not here be vouchsafed as it is at Hibiya Park.

Portable Gardens. — An odd title, isn't it! and yet that is just what they are. The Japanese call them "hako-niwa," and though their bases are only a couple of feet long and about a foot in width, this affords space enough for miniature scenes complete in every detail. At the Hibiya Park chrysanthemum show there was space reserved for a competition of these diminutive landscapes, and over seventy were entered for the prizes. Not only were there mountain scenes

with chalets scattered among the rocks, and shore scenes with junks and fishermen, composed for every season of the year from spring to snowy winter, but even more esoteric effects were attempted, and that, too, with success. There was a very effective one showing a lone traveller struggling against a wind that bent low the bushes through which he was working his way: the traveller was about an inch high! The Japanese particularly admire mountainous scenery depicted thus in a portable compass, and stones suited to simulate the small mountains (such as those from Ishiyama on Lake Biwa) fetch fancy prices.

Thinning Pine Foliage. — No matter how small the bit of ground intervening between his house and the street, every Japanese householder seems to wish a pine tree growing there. They are never allowed to grow tall, for their branches are so cut off and trained as to keep their foliage down near the house's roof. Every autumn these trees receive a treatment that none receive with us — it has its foliage carefully thinned out by expert gardeners. Each small tuft of pine needles is reduced in bulk, and a tree thus treated looks like a plucked chicken, compared with its neighbor awaiting treatment. There is no doubt that this system has much to do with the

healthy foliage of these household pines, for it prevents their catching too much snow in the winter and also encourages the new needles which will come with the spring. It certainly is an odd spectacle to see one of these gardeners up amid the branches of a small pine, intently manuring each tuft of needles in turn.

New Year Decorations.—One expects to see Christmas trees in our homes during that festive season, or holly wreaths in the windows, but our only outdoor display of such decorations is at the shops where they are exposed for sale. New Year is as important a festival to the Japanese as is Christmas to us, but he believes in decorating out of doors as well as within, which is very fortunate for the traveller from abroad. Outside of most dwelling houses and many shops and office buildings as well is a bunched decoration composed of bamboo and pine—health and long life! Generally this consists of three pieces of bamboo stalk, cut in different lengths, with pine branches tied about them. Most of these shrub-like bunches are not over four feet in height, and some have a neat border of rice straw about them at the ground. All along the streets hang Shinto ropes of clean rice straw, sometimes with a fringe of the same pendent from them. These festoons of rope and fringe are called

wakazari, and are believed by the lower classes to keep away evil spirits.

Seasonable Pictures. — Very sensible is the Japanese custom of displaying in the tokonoma (or art alcove of their living rooms) pictures or objects appropriate to the season. Thus he sets out in the autumn scenes depicting crows on persimmon trees, deer under red-leaved maples, or the “seven flowers of autumn”; in the winter, pine trees and snow, bamboo and snow, wild geese and the moon, or the moon viewed through long dry grass such as grows on the Musashi plain outside Tokyo; during the shift from winter to spring (there a slow, and not a sudden process as with us), plum blossoms and snow, or if the spring be really arrived, nightingales with the plum blossoms, or cherry trees, etc.

It is interesting to note the difference between the types of people drawn out to parks or exhibitions to view the different blossoms — those of the plum appeal to the more refined and literary sort, while the cherry blossoms attract the proletariat, etc. Chrysanthemum shows are mostly frequented by painstaking folk who by their remarks and careful study of the plants exhibited remind one of the Dutchman enjoying tulips, upon whose culture he expends so much care.

Viewing Paintings.—In one respect Japanese painters enjoy an advantage over their Occidental colleagues—they know in advance exactly the level from which their pictures will be seen, which the Westerner never does. Very few of the paintings accepted for one of our art exhibitions can be hung “on the line,” as it is called, and of those ranging above these fortunate ones, some are so hopelessly “skied” as to lose much of their effect. Then, too, if and when the painter is so lucky as to sell his work, he has no idea how high or low it will be hung in the home of its purchaser. A few days spent in such an art centre as Kyoto teaches us that most Japanese paintings are executed either upon fusuma (sliding panels constituting the walls of a room) or upon screens, and because they will therefore always be viewed by folk seated upon the floor, the artist knows exactly how to adjust his composition and perspective best to suit the eye. The only other important type of paintings, those on scrolls (or kakemono) are generally exhibited by being hung in the tokonoma or art alcove, found at the end of every Japanese living room, which means that here also the artist knows in advance the approximate level of the observer’s eye.

Sometimes, but infrequently, framed pictures

(such as those of the Thirty-Six Poets, etc.) are hung up near the ceiling with their lower edge touching the frieze line, but in that event they are always leaned far out, which, considering that Japanese rooms are not lofty, facilitates their inspection. The Japanese painter, of whatever century, has never realized how much more fortunate he is than his Western brother, so often distressed by seeing his picture, meant to be suspended at the eye-level of a standing observer, hung up close to the ceiling or too low down.

Ceremonial Processions. — One day we motored over from Kyoto to visit the town of Otsu on Lake Biwa, and happened upon an annual procession which has been taking place there for more than a hundred years. To an outsider its purpose seems to be the display of eight or nine gorgeous structures each built upon a massive two-wheeled cart dragged by long lines of citizens. The metal mountings of the wheels and other parts were more ornate. Above each rose a square edifice, its sides resplendent with ancient embroideries and tapestries, some of the latter of 16th century Flemish provenance. Under an ornate roof at the top were youthful musicians, earnestly occupied in the wholesale dispatch of sound waves. These dwellers aloft were so far from the street as to be above the second story

of such houses as possessed one, and access to the cart-tops was possible only from an upstairs room. So pleased were we by the color, gayety, and general allure of this parade that we became as addicted to "attending" them wherever and whenever possible as are some American males to attending fires. Every city has several such historical processions during the year, some of such importance as to earn recognition by a representative from the office of the Imperial Household in Tokyo. We liked best those we saw in Kyoto. One famous one, held October 22nd in every year, commemorates the annual procession of daimyos who, under the Shoguns, repaired yearly to Kyoto to pay their respects to the Emperor. For this procession there is brought out from the storehouses a great wealth not only of ancient costume, but also travelling equipment, such as large lacquer boxes for garments, for footwear, for food, etc. The display of colored robes and ancient arms and armor makes this ceremonial most helpful in picturing a long dead past.

Many of these processions are religious in character and in these there generally appear large shrines so heavily weighted as to necessitate for their carriage the shoulders of several score bearers, who enliven their task by

rushing their burden from side to side of the street or backward and forward. If at night, this burden may be a great bamboo structure bearing numerous large lanterns. We saw one such parade in a small western town on the Japan Sea, and while the shrine was thus being hurtled hither and yon in the main street to the vast enjoyment of the bearers but confusion of the onlookers, the head priest in his ancient silken robes was quietly progressing, seated in state in a solitary jinrikisha. How that vehicle got to that remote and small village we never knew, but its importance was evidently receiving due recognition. Every Japanese city is divided into cho, or sections corresponding to a big block of houses, and in some parades a section is allotted to each cho, so that its residents may seek to outdo the display of a neighboring cho. In one Kyoto parade, each cho carried at its head a long pole surmounted by a pliable metal ornament (a Fudu sword) adorned with bells which the bearers sounded by a continual agitation of the pole—a feat requiring joint effort plus much strength.

Puppets.—Nothing you have ever seen anywhere will in the least prepare you for the Puppet Shows or Marionettes. They are not figures operated by wires, nor are they run on the Punch and Judy lines, so familiar to Occidental child-

hood. Not at all! You enter what appears to be an ordinary Japanese theatre, which is already surprise enough for the foreigner, for instead of chairs or benches arranged in rows, he will find small square spaces partitioned off on the floor by boards about a foot high, each space accommodating four theatre-goers squatted upon cushions. They will be close together with only a little spare space for the inevitable teapot and cups, plus sweetmeats brought in by attentive attendants for a trifling fee. The best of the puppet shows are at Osaka and Kyoto, but they travel about and give their performances in other cities. Don't miss seeing them if they ever come your way. When the curtain rises, you will observe the usual scenery, but it will be on a scale suited to small personages about three and a half feet tall—the average height of these puppets. And now they begin to appear, and, to your amazement, each has its legs, arms, head, etc., operated by one or two or sometimes three men dressed all in black gowns, black hoods with eyefits, black gloves, etc. These operators are supposed to be invisible, and, strangely enough, after a few moments you cease to notice them, so engrossed do you become in the life-like activities of the brightly dressed figures. Their eyes move, so do their foreheads and mouths—they open and

shut fans, and handle all sorts of weapons and utensils. "Yes, but how do they talk?" say you. At one side of the stage, upon a sort of pulpit, squats a man before a reading desk, upon which lies the book of the play, and by his side a samisen player. As the reader proceeds with the conversation of the play, using different voices for the different characters, the samisen player's music represents emotions suiting the words, just as the motif played by the orchestra at a Wagnerian opera explains the speech upon the stage which it accompanies. So realistic do these two men render the life-like gestures of the puppets that the audience is moved to tears or laughter as readily as they would be by living actors at a regular theatre.

Theatre.—Prepare yourself with as high expectations as possible before you go to a Japanese theatre, and expect the unexpected—you will not be disappointed. We have already, at the Marionettes or Puppet Show, seen how the audience squats on cushions in square box-like enclosures, generally accommodating four. So it is also at the theatres, but downstairs, in what we call the orchestra, these enclosures are sunken below the level of the narrow passageways, upon which attendants come and go, bringing tea, fruit, sweetmeats, or boxes to assist smokers in

getting safely rid of their ashes, matches, etc. One of these passageways right out through the middle of the audience is sometimes used by the actors, who will thus rush off to battle, etc., in most convincing manner. The scenery is excellent, especially that used in the foreground, such as houses, rocks, trees, bridges, etc. At the Kabukiza Theatre in Tokyo they have a revolving stage, so that when one scene is completed, the lights are lowered, the stage is revolved, and the piece goes forward with no delay for scenery setting, because it has been set while the preceding scene was being enacted. Women's parts are almost always taken by men, who, however, simulate feminine voices. It is said that the theatre, geisha dancing, puppet shows, and all kindred entertainments alike had their beginnings in the Noh dance, and certainly attendance at one of those antique survivals adds to one's understanding of the other more modern manifestations.

Noh Dance.—These so-called dances are really long plays telling a story with a moral, and are therefore rather religious than terpsichorean in character. They are gradually losing their popularity, so much so that they are now generally given by subscription. The stage must always be constructed in a certain manner, square in shape, with a minor access from one side through

a small door (ordinarily kept shut), but most of the characters come on and go off by means of a long open passageway leading to the stage from the side opposite the little door. There is no attempt at scenery, but always a pine tree painted on the back wall, and, of course, the purple cloth of ceremony with its white ideographs draped above across the entire front. One point of the construction you must certainly notice, for in this respect the Noh stage differs sharply from that of the ordinary theatre—it is separated from the audience by a narrow interval paved with small stones or pebbles. This interval serves constantly to remind the audience that the actors are in a world apart, and that they may therefore expect to witness acts and episodes quite different from those possible in everyday life. The costumes are gorgeous, which is to be expected, but most unexpected are the voices of the actors and their manner of walking. The voice used is an entirely unnatural one, with all possible throatiness brought out. In a word, that which we dislike in the human voice, and wish to suppress, the Japanese like in their actors, and seek to develop to its uttermost possibility. The walk they affect is equally unnatural, but very graceful and pleasing. The placing of each foot is carefully studied and timed, the toes being thrust forward seem-

ingly to guide the foot to its place on the floor. This same gait is used in the tea ceremony, and its successful use is much appreciated and highly esteemed. In one respect the Noh dance is like the old Greek plays—it has a Chorus which constantly throughout the development of the story explains it and sometimes predicts the action of the piece. Unlike the Greek Chorus, these Japanese are seated upon the stage with the actors, as are also musicians who from time to time are brought in. Of all the numerous dramatic effects sought and effectively rendered, the most appreciated is that of suppressed passion by the hero or the villain, and sometimes it is thrown out into high relief by the buffoonery of a low comedian servant or retainer, or else a serious piece is followed by a farce or comic dance. Perhaps the average foreigner will find the action of the Noh dance too drawn out and retarded. On one occasion in Kyoto the Chorus sat alone upon the stage and for fifty-five minutes intoned an explanation of what the principal characters had been doing and saying! Such periods can, however, be interestingly employed in studying the audience. It will be found to contain about equal parts of men and women. Among the men there will be many of advanced age, always with an open book with which they carefully follow all that is said

on the stage. Nor is this studious interest confined to the elderly, for it is equally true of the young men and maidens. Altogether, the impression one takes away from a Noh dance is similar to that one receives at an opera house when "Parsifal" is being rendered — the same general study of the text, interest not only in seeing and hearing, but also in the development of the motifs by the orchestra, close attention by differing ages of both sexes, etc.

A Geisha Party. — When Oishi Kuranosuke, the leader of the Forty-Seven Ronins, in order to conceal his purpose to avenge the death of the daimyo they had served, feigned a dissolute life, it was at the Ichi Riki tea-house in Kyoto he committed his excesses. After the Ronins had achieved their purpose of slaying their dead master's enemy, thereby setting a standard of loyalty so greatly admired by all Japanese, that tea-house set up and has ever since maintained a shrine to the Ronin's leader. Mr. Hamaguchi, the versatile-minded manager of the Miyako Hotel, arranged for us in this historic tea-house, a geisha party for which he selected the best that the famous geisha school of Kyoto produced. There were four dancing girls, thirteen or fourteen years old, and also several older girls who played the samisen for the dancing, or served the

dinner and would have entertained us with their witty conversation had we known enough Japanese to understand them. We were met at the door by the manageress, who wore above her obi an additional cincture of red cloth, indicating that hers was one of the half dozen first class tea-houses of the city. Also were there as usual several servants crouched on the floor, bowing till their heads touched it. We were led in through several small intensely neat rooms to see the shrine of the loyal Ronin, and were finally installed in one of the two rooms reserved for us. We sat (more or less comfortably, and less gracefully) upon cushions, each with an arm rest, which was really a life-saver for those unaccustomed to long squatting on the floor. The adjoining room served as a sort of stage for the earlier dances, requiring more perspective than the later ones. Some of these were really remarkable for their clear portrayal of the story which every dance requires as a basis. There were two or three *pas seul*, one of them showing a lion hunting at night. Fancy a brilliantly costumed girl of thirteen, with no implement but a fan, imitating a lion!—it sounds futile, doesn't it? and yet, strange to say, she *was* a lion, a hungry, agile, sleek and ever dangerous lion. Later, during lulls in the elaborate Japanese dinner,

with its frequently recurring soups and innumerable small dishes, we witnessed some of the more elaborate dances requiring four in their execution. The swirl of the kimono sleeves, accentuated by their gay hues and deft use of dainty fans left such an impression of grace and rhythm swung in color as readily to explain why the Japanese never tire of this form of entertainment.

And now there came an interlude distinctly unusual in such an evening. My small son, aged eleven, took up a samisen and played a tune. At once the geisha party became a children's party! The little dancers crowded around him, and after applauding his effort, went on to engage him and his governess in certain games known to all children, such as those played by throwing out the hand with some fingers extended, etc. A strange ending for an evening begun with reverence to an ancient act of vengeful loyalty by a fighting man, and developed by a modern and distinctly adult manifestation of music, dancing and costume. It started with the aboriginal man and after passing by the eternal feminine, ended with the perennial child!

Tokyo Geisha.—The Tokyo style of geisha dancing differs noticeably from that of Kyoto, and although more up to date and elaborate, yields first place in public esteem to the older

school of the ancient Imperial capital. At Tokyo the musicians are generally seated at the back, behind the dancers. Then, too, the dancers there sometimes use bits of what our stage men would call "property" to help in the telling of the dance's story. For example, two girls dressed as fishermen of the olden times, executed a charming representation of life on a fishing boat, but they were aided by a bit of board painted to represent a ship's side, placed between them and their audience. You would not see this in Kyoto, nor would the dancers there wear special costumes for particular dances. The amount of money spent on these geisha parties is so great as to remind one of private entertainments at home in which leading singers from the Opera House take part.

CHAPTER V.

SOME OLD KYOTO GARDENS AND THEIR THOUGHT

THE chief outstanding difference to the traveller between things Oriental and those to which he has been accustomed at home is that in the Far East everything means something—thought is behind every sight or fact, and one is supposed to realize this and recognize at least part of the thought. Lovers of Kipling know that he so outlines his stories as to leave the reader much to fill in from one's own imagination or mental experiences. So it is with the Orient. If you are not prepared and equipped to see behind and through its sights their underlying thought you will never understand the beauty of the land, the mentality of its people, or the international expression of its purpose as evidenced in its foreign policies. Nor will you know how our own policies should be shaped so as to reach Oriental appreciation. To render its point of view more understandable let us go to the heart of old Japan, which is Kyoto, and to the heart of its heart, those ancient gardens which more beautifully than any

other of its expressions, explain to the foreign traveller how the thought-processes of the people have long been accustomed to externalize themselves. This may sound abstruse, but it isn't—it is delightfully and artistically simple. The æstheticism of every nation attracts and enlists many of its finest minds, and of gardens in Japan this has long been true. It would be difficult to imagine a more pleasing environment than they afford for those seeking to learn how Japanese think, and how their thinking tends to express itself materially.

Once upon a time there was a mighty warrior, Kumagaye Naozane by name, whose prowess in battle was known throughout all Japan. We can still see his huge sword, and from its unusual size realize the physical strength of him who wielded such a weapon. A tragic episode, the slaying of a boy disguised as the enemy's champion, abruptly turned him toward a life of religious seclusion. He made his way to the Buddhist temple of Kurodani in Kyoto, and hanging his armor on a great pine tree in the courtyard, passed through the sanctuary, and coming out into the garden beyond, cast into its tranquil pool his widely feared sword. The thought of the Kurodani garden reached out and laying hold upon the warsick veteran drew him into its haven

of mind. Let us, too, turning from our five years' absorption in war's horrors, yield to this same lure, and together we shall see whither thought in and of these old Kyoto gardens will lead us. Perhaps they will show us how Japanese think. What this 12th century hero's plunging his trusty blade into Kurodani's pool acknowledged of a garden's attraction and deeper meaning has held true down through all Japan's history. Moreover, in other and differing lands it finds a sympathetic echo, growing stronger as their culture mounts higher. But the Japanese lead all other garden-lovers in embodying more thought in those retreats from worldly turmoil. The more you put into a thing, the more you get out of it. Just as they have always put more thought into their gardens than we have into ours, so do their gardens superinduce more thinking on the part of the visitor than do ours. An English rose garden means sight and smell, but a Japanese one spells thought expressed in a harmony of nature,—thought that begets thinking, and that, too, of a formal, definite and practical type. It is often overlooked that there is a practical side to the mental fertilization of attractive surroundings. We are all agreed that nothing is of greater consequence to man than thought, and we shall see that to assist it is the main purpose

of the Japanese garden. It must always have its legend to tell or historical view to recall. The Abbot's garden just below the gorgeous Iyeyasu mausolea on the cryptomeria-clad Nikko hillside represents the Hak-kei or eight famous views of faraway Lake Biwa. The Katsura Palace garden near Kyoto sets out in detail an old Chinese poem known to all Japanese literati. Unless one is equipped with this mental key to a Japanese garden, his physical entrance therein yields no translation of its secret charm.

One more introductory thought,—you must dismiss flowers from your expectations during our rambles among these ancient formal gardens, composed to be enjoyed during every season of the year alike. The Japanese works out his love for colored blooms away from his gardens, out where he can enjoy color in the mass. He has both the long spring of England and an even longer autumn than America (Kyoto maples are most brilliant in mid-November), while England lacks our autumn and we her spring. He begins with his plum blossoms in February, then peach, pear and cherry trees in April, followed by wistaria and azaleas in May, iris in June, and so on until the lotus in August ends the gorgeous procession, when, temporarily sated with masses of color, he awaits November with its soberer

chrysanthemum joys. But back in his formal gardens you will find only an occasional cherry tree for its spring value, or sundry maples for their autumn glory,—never in clumps for their own display, but always to assist the general picture, and to bring out the other charms with which they are here associated. Even when thus used, their color enters but sparingly into the artist's scheme. It is true that mass effects of blossoming fruit trees, maples, etc., are frequent in Japanese scenery, but not in the gentle and retired art which we are considering. Flower gardens of the scale and type known and loved in America, as well as those in the English manner, are practically unknown in the Orient.

In passing it should be remarked that the Japanese are no more skilful as translators of nature into formal gardens than in their amazing deftness of flower arrangement. They assemble into one vase differing types of flowers,—the tall and the short, the stiff and the bending, or the bright colored with others of duller hue, but so intelligently are they combined that together they are more effective than when seen separately. Here lies a pregnant thought for the student of international relations, seeking a way to better understanding between such contrasting peoples as the Japanese and ourselves. Frankly recognize

the inequalities between our two civilizations, and then, instead of criticizing, strive to balance those inequalities.

Almost always the central feature of a Japanese garden is a small pond, just as in England there is generally a lawn. The centering significance of this pond, whose feeding and outlet streams are the garden's very blood, was understood by the warrior Kumagaye seeking asylum for his sword, and we too shall see it with his eyes before our garden rambles are at an end. The conventions required that although the complete outline of a pond be not visible from any one viewpoint, both its source of water supply and the outlet must be shown or indicated, otherwise it is "dead water," and anathema! The inflow should be from the east, the main direction of the current southerly, and the outlet toward the west;—to run from west to east would be unlucky! The many shapes allowed for an elegant pond have each a name,—for example, if the right portion doubles the other's width and is round, it is called "heart" shape, because accommodating the Chinese ideograph thereof. If a similar bulge is to the left, it is named "water," again because of a Chinese ideograph's configuration.

There must also always be trees, but thoughtfully chosen and combined with a regard for their

significance; at least four-fifths should be evergreens. Sen-no-Rikyu (1521-1591) used large trees in his foregrounds and lesser ones behind them, thus inaugurating the "Distance Lowering" style (Saki-sagari) as opposed to the customary "Distance Raising" one (Saki-agari). A favorite trio is the pine, bamboo, and plum tree, because they represent the three prime virtues of manhood—energy, constancy and uprightness. Even before the winter snows have gone the energetic plum tree shoots out its compact blossoms, thus symbolizing pluck in nature. The unchanging foliage of the long-lived pine represents the second virtue, while the bamboo with its open heart and stiffly perpendicular growth shows us the third.

The stones of differing size and shape, so much used and prized by Japanese garden architects, each tell part of the picture's story. They are brought from all parts of the country and command fancy prices. Indeed, during the Tempō period (1830-44), so extravagant grew this craze that the government had to issue an edict limiting the price one could pay for one! Each shape has a name and a meaning of its own, which you should know fully to comprehend a garden's legend. Even the stepping-stones, so frequent in the paths, tell something, as does also their plac-

ing. A height of six inches was permissible only for those in Imperial gardens, four inches being enough for daimyos, three for samurai, and one and a half for plainer folk. This interest in stones reached its limit in the Kare Sansui, or "dried-up-water-scenery," from which actual water is excluded, and only indicated by stones placed in a studied manner. An interesting example of this is at the Shinnyo-in, which belongs to the Honkoku-ji.

What may be meant by the graceful little bridges which contribute so greatly to the pleasing harmony of the whole, will be told later in our story. Most of the old gardens will be found attached to temples, and this is both fitting and proper, for here thought is led back to the great Power House which under varying names men worship as God. And where has man constructed a fitter temple for high thought than a fair garden? Gardens anywhere are but pearls which, strung on a great golden thread of thought, lead back to the original Eden, where, pure as the harmony of nature about them, Adam and Eve walked in the cool of the evening, unafraid, before the Creator.

Near these temple gardens are often stationed pagodas, those picturesque features of the Oriental landscapes, and consideration of

their structure will add another thought-product to our gardens' plentiful yield. Although the frequent earthquakes make Japan a land of low wooden structures, these lofty pagodas are never overthrown by even the most violent and prolonged shocks. Why?—the Occidental architect will give credit to the long beam which, after protruding high in the air above the pointed roof, runs down through the building's centre, and, because it is not fixed to the earth, serves as a great gyroscope which, swaying in the earthquake, preserves the pagoda's balance. But what will the Buddhist priest say?—he whose forerunners long ago brought these airy and graceful edifices to Japan. He will tell us that the pole represents Eternal Truth running up through all creation; that the nine rings encircling it above the roof together symbolize perfection, three times the complete number three;—that the ball with a point at the top and three ridges of metal flames represents eternity. Especially will he insist that the long pole is purposely kept from touching the earth because Eternal Truth is not based on matter, but retains freedom of adjustment to meet every change in the material conditions which may surround it. To the Buddhist, therefore, whose religious beliefs gave Japan their pagodas, they are every-

where upstanding lessons mutely teaching the passerby the preserving and beautifying power of Eternal Truth.

Kyoto was the Imperial capital from 794 until 1868, when the Mikado transferred his seat of government to Tokyo, and therefore it is but natural that Japan's greatest display of all that royalty could command is assembled in and about that city. The charm of its situation, nestled amid a wide-flung circle of protecting hills, especially lends itself to the fancy and the genius of the garden maker, so it is not surprising that a great school of them here arose and developed under imperial, princely and priestly patronage. The Kyoto hills afford unsurpassed backgrounds, and the numerous gardens set against or fitted into them are in every way worthy of their nature settings. When necessary to install a garden within the city proper, hilly backgrounds were simulated, and these artificial hillocks challenge detection.

Of late years factories and other unsightly impedimenta of modern commerce have begun to intrude upon the beauty of some of these old enclosures. This is particularly noticeable about that of the Awata Palace, where the two great masters, Kōbori Enshū and Soami, collaborated, Soami doing the southern half while his rival did

the other. There they contrived a sequestered nook called the "Sorrow Forgetting Terrace," where Oda Nobunaga, that warlike imperialist might sit unobserved and look out across the picturesque city to the hills beyond. That ancient aspect has been ruined by the intrusion upon its foreground of certain factories, but they are about to yield to another modern product,—a Municipal Art Commission has recently been established, and will remove unsightly buildings outside the city, so that once more the view prepared for the long-dead Shogun will be available for modern eyes. In the meantime the visitor, gazing inward from the wall, may feast his appreciations upon the graceful stone bridges, tiny islands and sheltering trees that together enhance the attractiveness of the oddly shaped "Dragon's Heart" pool at the centre. At the Joju-in, the residence of the Abbot of Kyomizu-dera (on the left as one mounts the steps to the temple), Soami and Kabori Enshu again treated the same problem, but instead of apportioning it between them, as at the Awata, here Soami designed the whole garden in the first place, and then, later on, his rival improved upon it. It was a case of "painting the lily," but he painted it successfully. A local guidebook written in quaint English remarks that "it is a finest garden," and it truly is.

The rooms at the Awata Palace facing on the garden are walled with painted fusuma (or sliding screens) and afford a charming coign of vantage from which to view it, especially the one across whose fusuma is pictured the story of sundry poets stationed along a watercourse running through a garden, engaged in a pastime of Chinese origin, indulged in on the third day of the third month. Down the stream float wine-cups borne upon lotus leaves, and each poet in turn must write a verse whilst a cup is floating toward him from his next neighbor upstream. Downstream some mischievous boys are drawing the cups ashore and draining them. This reminds us that the more Chinesy an old Japanese painting (and to resemble the Chinese was one of the canons of art excellence), the more certainly must there be children depicted therein. A room at the Nanzenji temple painted by Kano Eitoku (one of the finest in all Kyoto) shows upon its dulled gold backgrounds eighteen children among its sixty-nine figures. The writer quite sympathizes with the Awata poets' selection of a spot for literary composition, for this chapter is being written "lentus in umbra," partly in the lovely Konchi-in garden and partly under the giant cryptomeria trees in the twelve-centuries-old park

at Nara, with herds of tame deer browsing quietly about.

We have already noticed that at the Kurodani Temple and the Awata Palace, as in most Japanese gardens, the pond with its rippling rivulets and waterfalls is the dominating feature of the artificial landscape. There must always be waterfalls lest we forget the power that sleeps in water. This is a thought which begets thinking upon the Japanese appreciation of that power. Nowhere throughout those islands is one ever far from the hills with their frequent watercourses, which from time immemorial have done their part in the nation's industry. These streams mean a wealth of water-power, and of its significance to Japan we have already spoken.

But let us follow this thought-thread back to our gardens away from which it led us off into the heart of the great problem of industrial power. Let it bring us to the balcony of the Kinkaku-ji or Golden Pavilion where, as we toss bits of bread to a struggling throng of overgrown gold fish and look out upon a winsome woodland picture, melodious waterfalls nearby whisper "Power, power." This garden was already an old one when in 1285 Emperor Go-Ude visited it. It came into its chief glory when given to Yoshimitsu, the greatest Shogun of the Ashikaga

family, who began to live here in 1395. It was he who built this graceful three storied wooden pavilion and gilded it. A match could at any time destroy the flimsy structure, and yet there it has stood for centuries, hidden among its sheltering trees and musing above its Mirror Pond (whose three islets represent Japan's three principal islands) whilst many a massive edifice of enduring stone or brick has disappeared or fallen into unrecognizable ruins. The great Ashikaga family ruled as Shoguns from 1338 until 1573, and preceded that even mightier family of Shoguns, the Tokugawas, who governed from 1600 until 1867, when occurred the restoration of power to the Emperor. To these Tokugawas the whole artistic world is indebted for that amazing glory of lacquer, color and carvings known as the Iyeyasu and the Iyemitsu mausolea, enshrined upon the Nikko hills amid the giant cryptomeria trees.

The seclusion of these old Shogun potentates' gardens yields another thought-thread, this time leading out into the field of governmental administration. Students of history sometimes marvel at the fact that for over six and a half centuries the Imperial power was usurped by the Shoguns, who left the Emperors nothing but the empty shell of court life, adorned and luxuriously disguised as its powerlessness might be,

and generally was. But why should we consider this so-called usurpation as at all strange? How are England and France governed today? Is it not the English Prime Minister and not the King who really rules the land?—and was it not the President of the French Council of Ministers (the Premier), that splendid veteran statesman Georges Clemenceau, and not the President, who really governed France during the recent and greatest crisis in her history? This invention of the Shoguns relieved the real administrative head of the Government from much time-exacting routine of state functions, leaving him more leisure for executive duties than can be secured by an American President. These old Japanese Shoguns, after taking from the Emperor all control of his country, evolved another shrewdly practical device for simplifying lives of executives. Yoshimitsu was but one of them to put the device into practice. He resigned his high office and took priestly vows, ostensibly retiring from the world, but in reality continuing to rule from within the seclusion of the garden about the Golden Pavilion as completely as while officially the Shogun. The only difference was that he thus escaped innumerable official interviews and all the time-consuming red tape of bureaucracy, and obtained leisure amidst thought-

inspiring surroundings to work out his political plans and think over methods for their furtherance. He discarded the glittering husks of power and, undisturbed, enjoyed its sweet kernel. Ask any President or Governor or Mayor in the United States what this would mean for him! But of course there are two sides to every question. In a republic, although we like a boss, we regard with suspicion any Executive who secludes himself, for we believe it renders him self-opinionated, and finally autocratic. The rulers of Japan always have been frankly autocratic, so that, which with us is disapproved, there bears the stamp of ages-old public approval.

A little later another great Japanese ruler, Toyotomi Hideyoshi, in like manner to Yoshimitsu, made the public gesture of retiring from official life without really relinquishing his power, and it is significant that he too chose a garden for that purpose—the delicious one of the Kodai-ji. The artist Kōbori so planned it that when Hideyoshi sat of an evening upon the balcony of the building ceiled with decks from his war-junks that conquered Korea, he could indulge in the elegant pastime of looking out upon the moon with the Gwaryo-no-ike (or sleeping dragon pond) just at his left, and the twin Kame-no-ike and Tsuru-no-ike (turtle and stork ponds) on

his right to aid in reflecting throughout the foliage the silvery rays of the moon. Just a little way down the hill is the modest dower house, Entoku-in, to which Yoshiko, Hideyoshi's widow, withdrew. It is provided with a small garden also designed by Kobori Enshu, and brought hither from Hideyoshi's estate at Momoyama, outside Kyoto to the south. The artist has here worked out a half moon effect, developing its graceful curve by three small stone bridges swung around through the foreground. Another of Hideyoshi's Momoyama gardens, one of the rare Sotetsu type, was so highly considered that long after his death a Tokugawa Shogun had it brought to Kyoto and presented it to the Nishi Hongwanji temple, where it is installed in the southeastern corner of the great enclosure. It is called Tokusui-in, and contains the "Pavilion of the Floating Clouds;" it is a garden whose charms do not reveal themselves until he who has looked out upon it follows the paths and penetrates its loveliness. Perhaps it is to the thoughts born of Hideyoshi's love of gardens that we may ascribe the transformation that came about in him, for he who began as a rude warrior left behind him a wealth of art treasures created at his command that show his taste to have been eclectic. The world has probably never seen a more ruth-

less art collector, for after his conquest of Korea he was not content with bringing home all its art treasures as the spoil of his bow and spear, but also he carried over to Japan as enforced colonists whole villages of Korean artists and artisans, so that the arts and crafts of his homeland should be enriched by their skill and their traditions.

The æsthetic enjoyment of moonlight by the medieval Japanese recalls a memorable evening spent upon the upper balcony of the Ginkaku-ji or Silver Pavilion looking down upon its ravishing garden done in 1477 for Yoshimasa, last of the Ashikaga Shoguns, by Soami, that master of all the exquisite court refinements of the time. Take thought here for a moment that it was but shortly after the creation of this sylvan retreat, with all it meant of its epoch's highest culture, that Christopher Columbus was begging the ships necessary for the voyage to Zipangu (as Japan was then called). Soami's nature picture at the Silver Pavilion was so composed that by night, against the jet black background of the hill, one has in the right foreground the moon-reflecting pond, balanced by placing over against it, in the left upper middle-ground, two objects which by day seem meaningless—two oddly shaped flat-topped sand platforms, one about three feet high,

with a surface as large as four or five billiard tables, and the other, somewhat higher, a truncated cone, so placed as to fit into a bay in the side of its larger companion. Upon the surface of the larger are incised geometric patterns. By moonlight one grasps at once their purpose and significance—the hard glittering surface of the white sand serves as an ideal reflector for the soft moonlight, diffusing from beneath the trees a weird unearthly light throughout the whole garden. Through the trees at the back winds a path whose white sand surface comes out strongly at night, and simulates the meandering river, such an admired feature in the pictures on the old fusuma and screens. Before the writer had enjoyed this entrancing glimpse into medieval artistic expression he was but an interested tourist in Kyoto, but then and there he fell head over heels in love with the ages-old tradition of the city and its lovely district. This transformation was aided by three temple acolytes serving cups of ceremonial tea, faintly frothing because brewed from whipped tea-powder and not leaves. In such scenes one easily becomes persuaded that tea has inspired more loveliness than opium-begotten dreams or the mental stimulus of alcohol. Sometimes tea has even exercised an influence

of international significance,—witness the incident called “the Boston Tea Party!”

In these and similar inspiring garden surroundings there developed a school of dilettanti devoting their lives to the refining of the already ultra-refined. They began with the everyday serving of tea, and from its homely details developed, step by step, the elaborations of the *cha-no-yu*, or tea ceremony, a thorough grasp of whose studied intricacies was required for the “compleat gentleman” of those early court circles. In this same garden stands the dainty tea-house built by Soami to launch his new idea of a room of only four and a half mat size—dimensions which those deep-thinking elegants considered perfection. You must know that always in Japan a mat has measured six feet long by three wide, and always floor space has been described in terms of mats. Soami’s four and a half mat dimensions allowed a half mat space in the centre for the necessary tea-making utensils, with the other four mats squared lengthwise about it for the devotees. Now consider what thoughts were thus translated into things; a four and a half mat floor meant a square of nine feet. Three is the number denoting completeness because it contains the affirmative, the negative and the positive, thus leaving nothing outside. Three times

three, or nine, then spells a completed perfection, and when they gave the tea-house a height of nine feet, they gained a cubic capacity of nine in each of the three dimensions—a metaphysical result highly pleasing to their æsthetic appreciations. From this agreeable trifling with tea etiquette these early précieux passed on to numerous other artificialities, such as competitions in poetizing, in flower arrangement or in classifying grades of incense by inhaling their perfumes, inventing scores of designs for stone lanterns, garden fences, etc. In short, exquisites like Yoshimasa, Soami, Rikyu and their ilk make the dainty efforts of Marie Antoinette and her circle at the Petit Trianon seem but boorish horseplay. It was in such diversions that Yoshimasa's life was spent, and so one readily understands why with him the power of the Ashikaga Shoguns went down in a glowing sunset of refined brilliancy.

The use of white sand in platforms or be-patterned lawn surfaces of modest dimensions is to be seen in other gardens of the old school, and we shall soon notice that the darker shadows that come with the moonlight give greater definiteness and value to the patterns incised upon the sand surfaces. This will be easily remarked in the Kōbori Enshū gardens at the Konchi-in,

called the Tsuru-Kame-no-Niwa or Crane and Tortoise garden, designed by order of the Tokugawa Shogun Iyeyasu, and also at the Tenjuan, a spot to be visited in the late afternoon when the westerly light picks out the hillock of stone lying at the back of the pond, hardly noticeable in the morning. The white sand parterre at Konchi-in represents a lake, and the rocks are arranged to make up the Chinese ideograph for "heart," a favorite symbol. Kobori Enshu was also the creator of the eight-windowed ceremonial tea-house to the right. Both these two delightful retreats lie close to the alluring Nanzenji demesne.

At the Honen-in, a little further on along the hillsides toward the Ginkakuji, don't fail to skirt the buildings to the right, and you will be rewarded by coming upon the dearest little garden anywhere to be found. Its every detail is in reduced scale, but there are lacking none of the traditional features—pond, stream, path, bridges, rocks, trees, lanterns—all are here. But it is into the Nanzenji itself one must penetrate for a sight of the furthest development, along ultra-æsthetic lines, of the sand garden in Kyoto. Here, seated upon the threshold of Kano Eitoku's Chinesey chef d'œuvre of a room (24 mats) we look out upon a small garden ninety

feet broad by forty deep, backed by a wall. All that the unenlightened foreigner can see is a flat stretch of sand with no water at all, behind whose left two-thirds is a slight background of bushes, one small pine and several large rocks, while off in the right hand corner stands a clump of three shrubs. That is all, and yet to the artistically sensitive Japanese imagination we are gazing upon a spot where a tigress teaches her young to cross a stream! Lest some reader be hereby discouraged from visiting Kyoto gardens, we hasten to add that this is the only one which needs explanation to be pleasing. Outside Kyoto to the northwest, at the Ryuan-ji temple there is a garden, called Taranoko Watashi, even more esoteric. Soami did it, and upon a flat sanded space seventy by thirty feet with no water, grass, bushes or trees and no background but the wall, he has deftly stationed five groups of two or three stones each, none more than two feet high. To the cultured Japanese garden student this has for nearly five centuries satisfyingly depicted the glories of the Inland Sea! Probably from no other garden in the world do its admirers (and it has many) draw so much of their satisfaction from mind and so little from matter.

The Japanese hold that it requires more skill to conceal the artificiality of a small garden than of a large one, but notwithstanding its difficulty, they are happier in the treatment of the former. A case in point is the large garden, called "Kikoku-tei" (Arbor of *citrus fusca*) given by Shogun Iyemitsu in 1631 to the Higashi Hongwanji temple. Its pond is so large as to be practicable for boats, which pass around its gracefully disposed islands and under the picturesque bridges connecting them. But the scene, though undeniably pretty, is not Japanese,—it reminds one, instead, of the Kew Gardens, London. It is rather like a very pretty girl with nothing to say!

As a rule, Japanese gardens, though comparatively limited in extent, give a surprising illusion of size, generally produced by a depth disproportionate to the width. That at the Chishaku temple, across the street from the Imperial Museum, affords an interesting exception to this rule. Here Sen-no-Rikyu gets his effect of size not by depth in the middle, but by bringing in toward you at the centre a steep verdure-clad bank, and then swinging his right and left portions out and away. The result is as pleasing as it is effective. We have here another unusual touch,—the pond gives off a stream from the left foreground

which wanders around behind you between two temple buildings connected by arched bridges. It was in the agreeable retirement of the Chishaku compound that the Japanese, with understanding courtesy, confined the Russian Admiral taken at their great naval victory in Tsushima Straits.

Rikyu's modest home still exists in the Kamigyō quarter of Kyoto. It is set in so small an enclosure as would seem to preclude any garden, and yet within this narrow space, by means of the esoteric placing of stepping stones, a few trees, a bamboo gateway and a pair of cha-no-yu tea-houses, he contrived to portray a complete poetic pilgrimage. The taste of the time required a shallow garden to harmonize with the compact completeness of the house. There it all stands to-day just as he left it, except that it is now overshadowed by a three hundred year old ichō tree, which in his time was still in scale with the other miniature details. The stepping stones used here are of the type especially reserved for chaniwa or tea-house gardens. The larger one, cut like two steps, from which one mounts the wooden balcony, is of the form called "sword resting" because it served to remind the entering daimyō or samurai that swords were not allowed within an edifice devoted to the peaceful pastime of cha-no-yu, but must be left in the rack outside.

Rikyu's house is now a shrine to his memory, and there students of the tea-ceremony daily burn incense before a carved wood portrait figure of him, obviously done with loving care by the great Hidari Jingoro, that lefthanded wizard of the chisel. Rikyu's life shows strange contrasts of fortune. The great Nobunaga gave him the title of Sosho, or Professor of the Elegant Arts, and though he also pleased Hideyoshi and became his teacher, that autocrat, in the end, turned against him, and ordered him to commit harakiri at the age of seventy-one. In the adjoining house a lineal descendant of Rikyu's, Mr. Senke, practises the refined intricacies of the cha-no-yu. His performance for us of that time-honored ceremony was a poem of grace, dignity and tradition. Nothing could be defter than his every movement, especially the novel one to our eyes of whipping the tea powder with a fine bamboo whisk into a frothy compound—a Chinese poet called it "Froth of the Liquid Jade!" Far back, in the time of the Tang Dynasty, tea came in cakes, and was boiled. Later, under the Sung Emperors, it was made into a powder, and whipped in hot water. Then the Mongolians in the thirteenth century overflowed China, submerging the Sungs and all their refinements, including tea etiquette. With the Ming Dynasty

in the fifteenth century came in the now familiar method of preparing tea by steeping its leaves in hot water. The Japanese beat off the Mongolian invasion in 1281, and thus in their tea ceremony is preserved all the early tea-cult traditions of the Sung times, lost in China. It is difficult to imagine a more pleasing combination of thoughtful precision, deftness and grace, with never a wasted motion, than the exercise of this highly prized accomplishment displays to our modern eyes, whether performed by a successor of an ancient master in the old homestead, or in the Shinto Abbot's house at Nikko before admission to the Iyeyasu Shrine's Holy of Holies, or when enjoying the benign hospitality of the Chief Abbot of the Buddhist monasteries on the secluded summit of lofty Koya San. Always it is a harmonious voice out of the distant past,—clear, complete and satisfying.

One of the few really large gardens hereabouts is that of the Imperial palace of Shugaku-in which lies just outside the city to the northeast. Perched on a sloping hillside, its aspect is downward and outward instead of facing toward the customary background of trees. The pond here, named from its shape "The dragon," reaches almost the proportions of a small lake, and looking off across it one sees the fertile plain backed by

hill beyond hill standing like sentinels to guard the ancient capital. On the left, on the way down from this upper garden a path leads off to an enclosure devoted to the Empress. Here two bijou edifices, one a bit below the other, look out upon a rambling garden of four or five levels, each with its own pool, but all connected by the waterfalls of a tiny rivulet.

The highway from Shugaku-in leads on northeasterly over the narrowing plain to the mouth of the Ohara valley, up which a branch road winds between the crowding hills through delightful scenery to two religious establishments across the valley from each other,—the Sanzen-in monastery, and the small convent of Jakko-in. At the monastery we shall find two gardens, a lower and an upper one, the former of the usual type but running deeply into the forest background, and the latter even more ancient and pleasing. It enjoys a more open treatment than is generally seen. One can look out some distance under the trees, and more freedom is displayed in placing the connected pools about in the open, without artificial settings around them. This garden yields the surprising thought that from the sound of its waterfalls and the wind through its trees was born a nation's music. Some one has said that if he might write the songs of

a people he cared not who wrote its laws. What then shall be said of a garden whose sounds begot Japan's music! But how?—it came about in this wise. The Japanese sage Dengyo Daishi, while pursuing his Buddhist studies in China, became enamored of their theory of music, and decided to introduce it at home. First he set about to find an environment similar to that of the Chinese monastery where he studied. Here he found it, and here, late in the eighth century, he established his temple and its garden. Sitting there in meditation during many days, the melody of its waterfalls and the wind overhead through the trees gradually took shape in his consciousness. Their harmony became so definite to his meditating senses that he set it down in musical notation, and of it formed the basis for Japan's music. Nor did there come from this garden nothing more practical than music. Among the store of learning brought thither from China by this sage was a thorough knowledge of court etiquette. This he handed down to his successors here, with the result that they were long the arbiters of court ceremonials, the order of official precedence, etc. This control of social protocol at court meant political power—a surprisingly practical product for a garden! The Jakko-in convent, snuggled into a recess in the hillside over against the San-

zen-in, is a pretty combination of many-stepped approach with a small and natural garden amid bungalows and shrines.

One of Kyoto's many nature treats is a trip down the Hozu-gawa rapids which, for an hour and a half, take us through a winding cleft in the hills and end in the deservedly popular Arashiyama woodland park, famous for its cherry blossoms in early spring and its maple foliage in late November. If a feeble joke be permitted, these rapids have been shot so often that they are now nearly dead, but what one lacks in excitement is more than made up by hill and stream scenery, the plentiful bird life, and the constantly shifting views ahead and astern. The return to town can be made by train, but if one has a motor sent out it will be found waiting in front of the Tenryu-ji temple. Behind its living apartments, which are to the right, is a broad garden whose large pond runs well back into and under the tall trees forming the background. A small peninsula juts out to the left from the right foreground—a pretty touch. Soseki designed the garden in 1339 by order of Ashikaga Takau-ji, in memory of Emperor Godaigo.

A few minutes beyond the Tenryu-ji is the Saga-no-Shaka-do, where during an impressive service a curtain rolls up back of the main altar

and discloses a figure of Shaka brought here from China in 987. So lifelike is it that when he in person visited the temple the figure itself recognized him and walked down the steps to greet him! At the back of the temple lies an ample and open garden planned to display to best advantage the Benten-do, one of the loveliest creations of the Japanese woodcarver. Its small exterior of warmly brown wood is smothered with chiselled detail. About ten minutes further on nearer town is the Ninna-ji temple lying to the left just inside the impressive entrance of the Omurogosho compound, whose wide sweep of steps are crowned at the top by another temple and a great pagoda, a landmark for miles around. The Ninna-ji is rich in the possession of two large gardens of the usual type, both well worth seeing, but differing agreeably from each other. Here also are many storied screens, alluring for those interested in the country's history or painting.

Another trip out of town, this time to the southeast, travels up and through a narrow pass, at whose further end there bursts upon us a glorious panorama of valley below and hills beyond. We wind down the mountain road, perhaps stopping at its foot to see the once pretty but now rather neglected garden of the Konshu-

ji, which has one of the largest ponds in the district. A little further on comes the really surprising loveliness of the Sanbo-in (or Daigo-ji) garden. Here again we are indebted to Hideyoshi's taste. The artistically stunted pine in the foreground has its foliage trained and trimmed into rounded tufts in the much admired Tamatsuri manner. There are many who credit this sequestered nook with more charm than any of its lovely sisters in and about Kyoto. Even the most meticulous critics can only comment that two of its turf-covered bridges are similar, thus contravening the strictest canons. For my part, he who sees anything but pleasing perfection in this spot should be classed with the Sybarite so sensitive that, reclining on a bed of rose-leaves, he complained that one of them was creased! These picturesque earth-topped bridges (called do-bashi) are not fanciful inventions to please the eye, but are frequent in Japan, where wooden viaducts covered with earth sometimes keep the traveller from noticing that his road has temporarily left the solid ground.

The most attractive garden bridge in Kyoto is undoubtedly the ancient stone one fetched from the old palace of Bishamon (out on the Lake Biwa road) and installed in the garden of the Senten Gosho, an Imperial Palace formerly

used by the late Dowager Empress. Here, beneath a sheltering wistaria trellis, there spans the pond a quaint conceit in time-beautified stone. It is as if the verdant banks were connected by three junks, the bow of the first protruding beyond the stern of the second, and it in turn beyond that of the third, and so on to the shore. It is as graceful as it is unusual, and quite in the early Chinese spirit, and therefore pleasing to the medieval Japanese æsthete. To one thinking in this garden, this bridge of boats leads the mind on and out to the wide subject of ocean carriage,—to a merchant marine carrying across from home shores to foreign markets the exports whose expansion means so much to a nation's life. Japan, by a wise system of subsidies, has thus thrown bridges of modern ships from her factories across to distant purchasers, bringing back to her people in profits many times the taxes needed for the upbuilding subsidies, and besides providing well-paid employment for an increasing number of her workers both on land and on sea.

In the Katsura summer palace garden, a chef d'œuvre of Kobori Enshu, just outside Kyoto to the west, the artistic value of a junk is again in evidence. Protruding from the side of the palace balcony, out over the central pond is a narrow

rectangular bamboo platform, simulating the bow of an ancient Chinese junk. From this, one may view the lovely garden picture spread broad and deep before him, as if, aboard the vessel, he were slowly forging out over the water. The pond's stillness seems to rebuke the tinkling waterfalls of rivulets struggling down to the Nirvana of its calm repose. At a pleasing angle there runs out diagonally across the pond a long and graceful peninsula, reminiscent of the famous one at Amano-hashidate, one of the three "great sights" of Japan. Here and there upon rocky hillocks perch dainty tea-houses, each affording a different outlook on this morsel of man-made nature. The garden's legend is that of an old Chinese poem, well-known to all literary Orientals.

There are over nine hundred temples in Kyoto and many of them still possess gardens made for them in the middle ages. One might continue his rambles through them indefinitely, spelling out the thought of each one as he goes, and thus prolong the joys which a visit to Kyoto always means. But the two dozen that we have already visited are enough to reveal how highly the old Japanese valued thought, and the dignified nature setting he considered best suited to stimulate the thought processes. It was matter acknowledging the supremacy of mind, but at the

same time aiding it to its best. Each of us possesses a mental picture gallery of his own. Dame Fortune enables some to enrich theirs with memories of foreign scenes later to be enjoyed in leisure hours of tranquil retrospect at home. None is more fortunate than he who has thus hung this gallery with memories of certain old Kyoto gardens, seated before which, with all the world shut out, he may of an evening muse upon the beautiful thought there transmuted into things. Robert Browning re-created in "Love among the ruins," from a mere heap of stones, all the great pulsating activities of a long dead metropolis. These old Kyoto gardens are but mausolea in which lie enshrined the thought of the ages-old Japanese' culture and civilization. From them, if sharing Browning's constructive spirit, we can draw forth many a picture of the distant past. Yes, but what of the present and the future? Are not hints of their possibilities yielded to such a thinking people by the frequent garden waterfalls spelling water-power for modern factories—and also from the old stone bridge under the Senten Gosho's wistaria—does it not suggest the Bridge of Boats to foreign markets which Japan's ships provide for her factories' products? Should they not be a significant warning to her military party? For she has a strong

military party, lineal descendants of the doughty Kumagaye, deeply intrenched in her political life,—strong in brains of the type that rendered Ulysses as potent in peace as in war;—strong in the hearts of their countrymen, proud of the acquisition of Formosa, of Manchuria, of Korea;—strong with the powerful “yellow press.” Will these militaristic politicians, blind to the fate of Prussia, persist in the Prussian path?—or will they moderate their ambitions, and, like Kumagaye Naozane, cast the sword of martial aggression into the pool at the heart of the garden enshrining the wise thought of ancient Japan?

CHAPTER VI

JAPANESE PILGRIMS AND THEIR PILGRIMAGES

WRITERS upon the great war frequently alleged that one of the chief causes for Germany's defeat was the inability of her military party to understand the psychology of other nations. A striking example of the differences between the German and the Allies' points of view found expression in the Kaiser's conception of a Nationalistic Gott: upon this we differed from him widely, and perhaps neither really understood the other. The religion of a people is so basic a fact that unless foreigners give it careful consideration they will fail to reach such complete understanding as alone affords sure foundation upon which to shape their foreign policy. Upon nothing are the Japanese and ourselves so far apart as upon this fundamental, and he who would seek to readjust our foreign policy in the Far East so that it shall accord with existing conditions and therefore lead toward practical results, will do well to consider tendencies of

religious thought to-day evidenced in the Island Kingdom.

Religion is, as one Latin derivation indicates (*religo*, I tie back), an attempt to tie back to the Great First Cause, an effort which every people in the world evidences in its forms of worship, for none is without worship. All races have everywhere and always given this recognition to that fundamental fact of Creation,—the certain existence of a Creating Force, which they admit to be greater for good or evil than any other they know. We are interested in power around the Pacific Ocean—political power, of course, whose control lies in the hands of the Japanese and the Anglo-Saxons of the United States, Great Britain, Australia and Canada. A Divine Power House is recognized in the religions of all of them, so we must give consideration to the religion of the Japanese—to some account of how they are attempting to connect with that Great Power House, as it is given them to see it. And at the very beginning of these comments upon their religious systems, let the writer go on record as believing that although the Japanese Way is not so good as that enjoyed by Christian nations of the Occident, nevertheless Japan of to-day is trying harder, both by ancestral shrines in every home, and by frequent attendance at numerous

temples and outdoor shrines, to better its connection with the Divine Power House, than are smug Christians in other lands, contented with an hour's devotion in church upon one day in the week, if indeed so much time as that be given to thought of the things spiritual controlling the material, to which latter our lives are so completely devoted. Going west across the Pacific, one drops a day out of his calendar upon reaching the 180th meridian of longitude. It so happened that Sunday was the day we lost, and that started me thinking upon what would be left of Christian attendance upon divine service if Sunday were dropped out and only week-day attendance be counted. We have fallen far below our forefathers in interest in and thought upon matters divine, but not so Japan, for there the two great faiths of Shinto and Buddhism are flourishing as never before, especially the former, their indigenous faith. Even Buddhism is putting on new attributes by adding belief in an individual future state to their original teachings from India via China, and by launching out into such modern manifestations as Sunday schools, summer schools, young men's associations, women's societies, street preaching and deliberate missionary effort abroad.

The great temple of Higashi Hongwanji in

Kyoto was built in 1895 at a cost of four million dollars. To raise its bulky timbers into place twenty huge hawsers were needed, and to make those cables, some of them two hundred feet long and sixteen inches around, thousands of women cut off their hair and sent it to Kyoto. A great coil of this cable still remains on view in the temple, a mute answer to those who allege that modern Japan is losing interest in religion!

Let us visit some of their holiest places and see for ourselves how the religious feeling of that remarkable people is evidencing itself. In the year 804, the then Emperor sent two very wise priests, Kobo Daishi and Dengyo Daishi, to study Buddhism in China, so that they might bring home the best of its teachings. It was then that the Japanese were thirstily absorbing all the best that Chinese civilization had to teach, just as recently, during the last half century, they have seized upon everything modern worth learning in the Occident. They are great learners, the Japanese,—a most enriching trait for a people to possess. Dengyo Daishi came home after one year and founded the Tendai sect of Buddhism with headquarters on Mount Hiei, close by Kyoto, the home of the Emperors. But that ampler student, Kobo Daishi, one of the world's great men, and founder of the Shingon sect, after

two years in China, sought and found at home a retreat far from the seat of political power, a mountain in the distant province of Kii, Koya San, upon whose flattened summit, four thousand feet above the sea, he had remarked eight hillocks, naturally corresponding to the eight leaves of the sacred lotus (unfolded to the student, closed to the unenlightened) and to the eight spokes of the Buddhist Wheel of the Law, "upon which each human is bound until he obtains blessed release." Here, upon this secluded mountain retreat, he established a monastery, and here after an abundantly useful life, spent in writing, teaching, painting, sculpture, road building and spreading industrial arts in many parts of his beloved country, he lies buried, so here is the holiest spot in all Japan for those who believe as he did, and many another beside. Mount Koya has ever since his death in 835 A. D. borne his monastery and others added thereto, and around about his grave has, during the centuries, grown up a vast cemetery, the Westminster Abbey of Japan, where lie buried hundreds of her greatest and best beneath the shade of huge cryptomeria trees. To appreciate what burial in this sacred spot means to a Japanese, one should have prepared his spirit by toiling up the long eight mile incline the day before and slept within the solemn

monastic precincts of the Shojo Shin-in or Pure-hearted Temple. Then rising before the sun, take respectful part in the daybreak service of the monks, and thereafter go forth in the freshness of the new day, reverently to walk through the mile and a half of age-softened monuments under the shafts of light piercing down through the cryptomeria foliage as they do through the windows of an ancient cathedral. Just before the tomb of the sage Kobo Daishi stands the Hall of the Ten Thousand Lights. Here burns a lamp which he lighted and which during all the eleven centuries since then has never been extinguished. About it burn hundreds of other lights in splendid lanterns given by great men of the past vastly honored by the privilege of presenting them to so holy a place. When you have thus reached the tomb of this great and good man, with spirit prepared by the reverential manner of your coming, you will understand why all the long eight miles of the steep tilted roadway was, and always is, thronged with pilgrims, and why its woodland banks were stuck thick with millions of prayers on bits of white paper. Here you are very close to the heart of old Japan, which beats as strongly under its new modernity as ever it did. Upon lofty Koya San the ancient spirit of Japan is lifted up into

a high place, and the thinking and observing foreigner must needs be lifted up along with it, and join in the elevation of the place.

There are many religious houses here, but no inns or hostelries for the public, so each pilgrim must lodge in one of these homes of religious thought, and therefore partake of the spirit there abiding. And that spirit cannot but be renewed and strengthened by this constant flowing back to the heart of the nation's best blood purified by the religious purpose actuating each pilgrim's visit. In sundry of these buildings are preserved art treasures accumulating ever since the days when Kobo Daishi, the great founder, brought thither much of the best obtainable in the then unrifled China, many of them presents from the Chinese Emperor of that day. After the privilege of viewing this ancient collection, the writer was taken to the Buddhist Theological College, where he faced six hundred earnest young students devoting their lives to the learning and the teaching of the Way as Buddha saw it. Here as elsewhere throughout Japan one notices that the faces of the priests have none of that cunning slyness which the word priestcraft has come to convey to the modern mind. Serious, thoughtful and frank is the expression one sees upon the countenance of Japanese priesthood. If anyone

tells you that Buddhism is not a living active force in the Japan of to-day, let him visit Koya San, and two of the most interesting days of his life will ever after remind him of the pulsating vigor of faith he there witnessed.

The traveller will remark that always somewhere about the enclosure of a Japanese Buddhist temple there will be a Shinto shrine, so blended have these two faiths become. He will find this true at that great pilgrimage centre, Nikko, where stand the two gorgeous groups of mausolea entombing the mortal remains and the more than mortal memories of two great Shoguns of the Tokugawa family, Iyeyasu and Iyemitsu. If the traveller is minded to indulge himself in the fullest æsthetic preparation for the treat to the senses which Nikko affords, then let him desert that modern convenience, the railway train, twenty-five miles before reaching the town. Here begins the splendid avenue of tall cryptomeria trees, planted over three hundred years ago to guide the pilgrim to the shrines. Up through these impressive rows of silent guardians of memory one proceeds, as for centuries countless feet of pilgrims have trod. At last, passing through the small town you come to the mountain torrent, lashing its way down from the everlasting hills above, but crossed by the sacred bridge

of red lacquer, whose origin is lost in ancient mythology. It and its woodland background find frequent echo in many a copy throughout the land. And above, on the slopes of the pine clad hillside await you two great series of buildings, stationed upon terrace above terrace, the better to display their gorgeous color and detail of carving that grow ever more bewilderingly entrancing until each culminates at the top in its Honden, or Holy of Holies. One is in charge of a Buddhist Abbot and the other of a Shinto one, so an even balance between those faiths is here observed. The mausolea of Iyeyasu are somewhat the finer of the two, and here Shinto prevails, but those of Iyemitsu, with their Buddhist ritual, are almost equally fascinating and surprising. Here we have flat color in its greatest glory, enhanced by gilding and carving in profusion, giving the sparkling effect one expects from jewels. It is flat color's nearest approach anywhere in the world to the brilliance of that light-pierced glory which stained glass alone enjoys. Not the sombre glitter of the glass at Chartres or in the Lower Church at Assisi, nor yet the quiet glow seen at Gloucester Cathedral or Fairford Church in England, or Conches in Normandy, or that so frequent in Troyes or Rouen, but rather the brilliancy of Arezzo or Erfurt.

We spent two weeks at Nikko, and always, during our long visits to the temples at all hours of the day, there came mounting ever the uninterrupted stream of pilgrims in large or small bands or singly,—devout, serious and deeply interested in their purpose. Service after service was performed for them, with always more waiting to fill their places at the next one. We were privileged to visit the Holy of Holies of the Iyeyasu shrine and within its gloom saw hidden away art treasures of sculpture and painting whose hues, undimmed through long years, show a brilliance no where else surpassed.

As at the two mausolea of Nikko, so in Kyoto, the Rome of Japan, with its more than nine hundred temples and shrines, Buddhism and Shinto go hand in hand, both commanding that same devotion which strikes the traveller incessantly throughout the land. So great is the contrast between the brilliant hues of Nikko and the quieter beauty of Kyoto with its lower tones and charm of form rather than of color, that one should visit the latter first, lest the gorgeousness of the former jade your palate for the less highly spiced delights of the latter. The Japanese have a proverb "Never say 'splendid' until after seeing Nikko," and they are quite right, so see it last, unless your Kyoto stay can be long enough to

acclimatize your æsthetic perceptions to its lower altitudes. Nikko is a small Venice or Florence, brilliant, vibrant, entrancing,—but Kyoto is a prototype of great, quietly compelling Rome.

Before leaving Buddhism with its many sects and turning to Shinto, reference must be made to the great bronze statue of Buddha, erected at Kamakura in 1252 and called the Daibutsu. Although seated, it is over 49 feet tall, which is exceeded by the still larger Buddha at Nara, dating from 749, and 53½ feet in height. The Nara Buddha has nothing to commend it but antiquity and size. How different is the Daibutsu at Kamakura! Anyone who has looked upon that countenance of calm meditation, accentuated by the thoughtful poise of its head and shoulders, has received a sensation, a convincing impression, which will stay with him throughout life. Nowhere has human genius so successfully depicted thought by matter. As you look up at the Meditating One, not only do you actually feel the thought there incarnate, but also do you realize that it is at the same time a powerful and a healing thought—thinking for others by one who, as their holy writings declare, vowed that “perfect bliss He would not have till He knew that all who would invoke Him might be saved.” Those who have been privileged to look

upon this, one of the world's most expressive monuments, will readily understand the numbers of the pilgrims that continually throng thither seeking the inspiration of this great thinking beneficence.

But the most popular faith of all to the Japanese is the only one which is really indigenous, Shinto. It has thirteen recognized sects, but its chief division is into State Shinto under the Government's Bureau of Shrines, and Popular Shinto, which, like Buddhism and Christianity is supervised by the Bureau of Religions. Confucianism, although it has quite a following, is among the Japanese considered merely an admirable code of ethics. Shinto was originally a form of nature worship, to which there was later added the worship of a long series of deified men. Unlike Buddhism with its many saints, Pure Shinto has no images, and within the holiest part of its shrines one sees nothing but a mirror. This mirror is not worshipped, but is "typical of the human heart which in its purity reflects the image of Deity," so the worshippers bow before it in self-examination. According to the official records this faith has over 200,000 shrines, and yet it is not really a religion, and is without a creed. Its main service is to foster patriotism by maintaining shrines for the worship of the Imperial

ancestors and of men who have notably served the nation during their lives. This is the Japanese point of view, but to the foreign observer its great value seems to be its insistence upon personal cleanliness and simplicity of life. It is the cause of the Japanese being the cleanest people in the world; think of a land where even the poorest coolie takes a hot bath every day! In these days of extravagance the world over, and that too in spite of our international enemy, High Cost of Living, what a national asset is a faith like Shinto, which commends and requires simplicity of life!

The greatest of all the Shinto shrines are those of Ise at Yamada, and yet nothing could be simpler than the purity of their architectural lines or the unpainted wood of their construction. An account of one of the ceremonials there will give the reader some idea of how stringent are the Shinto rules regarding cleanliness. Sea salt is much used for purification at their shrines, and that needed for those of Ise is procured in the following manner: Certain fishermen are selected and are made ready for their sacred task by cleanly living and by bathing. The last day of the old year they are dressed in new white cotton garments and are provided with a clean new boat, all of whose fittings, sails, oars,

etc., are equally new, and thus equipped, they put out to sea after nightfall to await the dawn of the new year. When the first rays of the sun appear above the ocean horizon, the fishermen begin to dip up the salt water with which to fill the carefully purified tank on their vessel. This boatload is brought back to the land where, upon a sandy beach beneath wind swept pine trees, the water is boiled until nothing remains but its salt. Fire is purifying, but that used for this ceremony must be essentially so, so neither coal nor wood are used, but only new rice hay and clean pine-needles. Then there is built on the beach beneath the protecting pines a shelter for this salt, where under a roof thatched with clean new rice straw, it is kept pure by the winds of heaven until from time to time it shall be required in some ceremonial. When it is used the officiating priest must tie a clean white cloth across his mouth lest the human breath pollute this super-cleansed salt. Nor must he in any ceremony blow out any light, for fire is purity and his breath is not. Every Shinto temple and shrine must be pulled down and rebuilt every twenty years, thus ensuring cleanliness and also removing temptation to over-expenditure in their construction.

Because Shinto is so greatly concerned with

reverence for the Imperial ancestors and the support of a dynasty which has uninterruptedly occupied the throne for over twenty-five centuries, it seems to me that its essence is best seen and felt during a visit to the tomb of the late Mikado, one of the greatest of his line, at Momoyama, outside Kyoto. That visit was for me one of the most impressive experiences of my life. Momoyama symbolizes magnificent simplicity. Permission for the visit was accorded by the Minister of the Imperial Household. The grounds are extensive and lie upon the gentle slope of a hill, and their only decoration is pine trees among which run heavily gravelled paths. My wife, little son and I were met by a guardian who conducted us first to the official register where each must set down his name, etc. Then, having been joined by two attendants, he led us toward the wide enclosure which separates the tomb from the public who daily throng here to offer homage. Just outside the enclosure we were stopped before a large stone basin, where with a new wooden ladle, water was dipped for us to wash our hands and mouths, which we dried on paper napkins, later handed to the attendants to be destroyed. Then we were taken into and across the enclosure to a gate on the opposite side, over which was a Pure Shinto torii, known

by its horizontal bars, severely straight and not slightly upturned at the ends as are those of Mixed Shinto torii. The gate was opened and disclosed a stone pathway about a hundred yards long leading up to the tomb. At the pathway's end, on a small easel of green bamboo rods, stood the wreath we had brought and which had been taken from us on our arrival. Between the gateway and the tomb, equal distances apart, were laid upon the pathway straw prayer mats, and by each a label in Japanese indicating the rank of those by whom they were to be used. We were honored by being escorted to the third or furthest one, reserved for those who are or were of ambassadorial rank. Then the guardians withdrew. And the tomb! what does the reader imagine concerning the magnificence of the final resting place of one whose people during his long and beneficent reign emerged from medievalism and advanced to such grasp of modernity as to become one of the great powers instead of a hermit kingdom. The tomb is but a simple mound of small round stones;—but such a mound and of such simplicity!—three million stones in one great heap, whose gracefully curved outline is broken once to avoid monotony of design. These stones were selected with the greatest care, each being passed through the same bamboo ring to

ensure uniform size. Could anything be more simple in its taste, and yet where is there a monument more impressive? According to custom, we retired backward, and after leaving the enclosure were taken a few hundred yards further on to where the Empress lies buried beneath a similar but much smaller mound. Lower down the hill in this same park, there also lies buried that fine old veteran, General Nogi, the conqueror of Port Arthur in the Russian War. So grief-stricken was he by the death of his beloved master, the Emperor, that the night of the Imperial funeral, he and his aged wife, after ceremonial preparation, committed suicide by hara-kiri, so here they both lie, below the Imperial tombs, guarding as faithfully after death, as in life the great General had served. This act was an evidence of what the Japanese call Chugi or loyalty, and because this is one of the fundamental tenets of Shinto, Buddhism and Confucianism alike, it is taught every Japanese from boyhood, and is the great outstanding feature of the nation's faith.

The shrine at which more incense is burnt than any other in the land is that in the outskirts of Tokyo, dedicated to the Forty-seven Ronins. The chauffeur of our motor had told me much of his conversion to Christianity, and of his attendance upon Methodist church, Sunday school and

night school, but I noticed that when he thought himself unobserved, he quietly bought a bundle of joss sticks and set them afire before the tomb of the Master of the Ronins. The daimyo whom these brave fellows served had been treacherously done to death by a rival daimyo, so these loyal retainers swore to avenge him. This became known, and as a result, so many precautions were taken that it long seemed impossible for them to reach their intended victim. They had to resort to all sorts of extreme measures to allay suspicions of their purpose and thus make possible its achievement. Their leader took to a dissolute life, put away his wife and seemingly sunk to the gutter. At last, so unworthy and negligible had they become that vigilance was relaxed, and then they struck! They cut off their victim's head, washed it in a well and offered it at the tomb of the master to whom they had been so loyal. This done, they gave themselves up to the authorities, and all at the same time committed suicide by hara-kiri to expiate their criminal act. Their ancient story, ever new, is early told every Japanese child, and continues a vigorous inspiration to the national spirit of loyalty.

It is appropriate that we close these comments upon Japanese faith by reference to its most

intimate feature, the ancestral shrines in the homes. In Buddhist families they are to be found in the living room of the house, but in the Shinto ones generally in the kitchen, which should be the cleanest part of all indoors. Before these shrines are set flowers or offerings of food, and here is celebrated respectful adoration of one's forebears. A Japanese does not know a monotheistic God as we do. He worships forces of nature, or deified human beings, and among these, of course, his own progenitors. A home with some kind of daily worship is better than one without any. There is no denying, even among its severest critics, that ancestor worship thus brings into every home a daily reminder of things spiritual, a constant touch with that beyond the veil, on the hither side of which are the material things cognized by the senses. Henry Adams, in his remarkable autobiography called "The Education of Henry Adams," devotes a chapter to proving that the world's history should be divided into only two epochs, that before and that after 1893, when the discovery of the X-ray and of radio-activity revealed the existence of the Fourth Dimension of things and facts beyond the ken of the five senses—a supersensual world. The ancestral shrines in every Japanese home have long been constant reminders of this

fact to that medley of spiritual enlightenment and obtuseness, the Japanese people.

If the ability to move bodies through space is a satisfying evidence of power, then the pilgrimages of the Japanese show amazing strength in their religious faiths. Nothing like them has been seen since the famous pilgrimages of the middle ages in Europe, when we read of a hundred thousand pilgrims visiting Canterbury on the same day, or of overcrowding at other holy places by men from near and far seeking salvation. Indeed, the figures of these Japanese pilgrimages exceed anything which the history of any age records of such acts of faith. On New Year's Day, 1920, over 300,000 devotees repaired for worship to the Kawasaki Daishi shrine just outside Tokyo. Nor are these pilgrimages restricted to any one day in the year. A leading American missionary who has lived in Japan more than thirty years told me that so full and constant was the stream of pilgrims daily visiting the Kōmpira shrine at Kotohira on the lovely Inland Sea, that their annual total exceeded three million. Almost as great is the attendance at that most ancient fane of Izumo-no O-yashiro at Kizuki, whose Chief Priest is said to be the 82nd in his dynasty of pontiffs. Another American missionary who had lived two years near the greatly venerated

Ise shrines at Yamada said that the railway trains used to bring thither ten thousand worshippers a day. The steep and long road to the 4000 feet elevation of Koya San's summit is as crowded as a city street all day and every day, an ever coming and going throng of devout, earnest faces, laboriously toiling upward regardless of advanced age or physical infirmity, or descending with the contented sense of religious accomplishment. Every mountain has a shrine at its top, so up every mountain climb devout men, demonstrating by that effort their acknowledgement of the ascendancy belonging to the spiritual over the material. After witnessing such constant and ample exhibitions of belief in that beyond the ken of our physical senses, the American traveller cannot but feel that the Japanese as a nation show a higher appreciation than do we of the great fact that this life is but a preparatory school for another one beyond.

My conclusions are that the Japanese, with religious faith less helpful than Christianity, are making better and more constant use of their outlook upon spirituality than are we of ours. And meanwhile, what are they thinking of our Christianity? They are shrewd observers and therefore we may learn something useful by considering their point of view. We went to see Amano-

Hashidate, that beautiful freak of nature, where across a lake (really an estuary) surrounded by hills, runs diagonally a narrow causeway of sand shaded by pine trees. We were accompanied by a highly intelligent Japanese gentleman, especially learned in Buddhist and Shinto lore, and with him talked for the better part of two days upon those subjects, and especially of his conclusions concerning Christianity. From him and from other thoughtful Japanese came surprising comments upon our religions. "You call our Buddhism idolatrous," say they. "Perhaps it is among the poorly educated, who cannot grasp its higher philosophy, but in many of your churches, especially in Europe, we not only see as many or more images, but we find that the people pray to these saints, as you call them, and not directly to the Great Creator, just as our people do. We see votive tablets in many European churches thanking certain saints for successful passing of school examinations and other favors, just as among us. Furthermore, particularly in the Latin countries of Europe, your saintly images are more frequently borne in outdoor processions through the streets than are ours in Japan. As for your Protestant Christianity, strongest in the United States, the slackness of its worship makes it seem to us to approximate

our Confucianism, to have degenerated into a mere code of ethics,—nothing but rules for good behavior.”

Many of these Japanese know our Scriptures, and they seem struck with the fact that while the Gospels record that Christ healed nearly three times oftener than he preached, and also taught his disciples spiritually to efface disease and even death, modern Christianity is so stripped of spirituality that both in its teachings and practice it ignores His lessons of healing, and uses *materia medica*, which He and His never did. “Why do you call our religions unspiritual,” said these Japanese, “when you have deliberately turned your back on the chief spiritual manifestation of your Master’s life? You are altruistic and charitable, which is mere Confucianism;—but spiritual in the sense of the Gospel’s and of Paul’s teachings and acts of spiritual understanding controlling things material you certainly are not, and that too of your own deliberate choosing.” Are they right or are they not? Is or is not our modern Christianity denatured of its spiritual understanding of the world as it is instead of as it seems to be? Are or are we not content to remain in snug (or smug!) harbor, sheltered behind the breakwaters of the five senses, reluctant to

fare forth upon the ocean of the Fourth Dimension, as becomes those living in what Henry Adams styled the Supersensual epoch? If he is right, are we keeping abreast of our own times? Perhaps a stay of some months in Japan may arouse thoughts tending to better the Christianity of a man who goes there as a student, and not as one boastful of western civilization. Why is not Christianity succeeding there better than it is? The Japanese are quick to recognize and acquire factors of strength in our civilization—isn't our religious faith strong enough to attract them?—is it as powerful as it used to be when it started in the Orient? Why is it that a religion owing its origin to a Teacher born amid an Oriental people has been taken over and organized by Occidentals who have so remodelled it that it does not now succeed with the very races among which it was born? Has it been so over-organized by the materialistic Occidental that it cannot appeal to the more spiritual Oriental? The latter's admission of the superiority of mind over matter prepares him to accept the teachings of Him who healed by spirit and not by material means. What is wrong? Have we removed the very feature of Christianity that would have recommended it to the Oriental? Have we too closely followed Constantine and made our church

material instead of spiritual, just as he did by stopping its persecutions, and making it the fashion? He substituted an established Church, with all that means of material power, for the spiritual power it owed to the blood of its early martyrs;—are we doing the same?

Occidentals say that the Japanese have too much conceit, not only about their land, but also its customs, religions, and government. Don't we need a little more conceit of the right sort—of that higher type which spells loyalty, so vital a factor in Japanese life—outspoken loyalty to our real selves, to God as he truly is, to government as it should be conducted? And loyalty must be learned in small things before it can be practised in the greater ones—it should begin at home, as charity does and as it does in Japan. At Yale, our best song runs, "For God, For Country and For Yale," and we learned its meaning by an intense class loyalty which served as a foundation for loyalty to university, which, in turn, taught the higher one to country, and the highest of all, to the Supreme Ruler of the Universe. "A narrow beginning" you say?—and best so. I know Yale is better than Harvard, but have no respect for a Harvard man who agrees thereon. If that is narrow, then long live that sort of honest narrowness! Let us be frankly partisan in our

additions, but judicial in our divisions, and Christian in our subtractions from what those additions and divisions have gained us. The Japanese is right in his intense loyalty to his land and its institutions. Let us be equally partisan in our preparedness, military and otherwise, to resist aggression from without, because this makes for national self-respect, without which no people can endure. Let us be judicial in our application of that preparedness to external problems, and then, best of all, be Christian in the day of victory, as we have recently been.

A Far Eastern policy, carefully thought out along such lines, will endure and prosper.

Japan is showing wider participation by individuals in her national faiths than we in ours; theirs must be yielding them returns or their participation would not persist and grow. And yet it lacks altruism as we understand the word. They are kindly each to the other and also to outsiders, but their faith is an individualistic seeking for betterment and it demands results. Especially is this true when that faith expresses itself nationally. They cannot understand how the United States, after sustaining over 400,000 casualties (about their own total in the Russian war) and expending 31 billion dollars, neither demanded nor received in the day of victory any

financial or territorial recompense whatever. And yet, to our way of thinking, educated for generations in Christianity, this national policy of ours was but natural. It is from acts characterized by such spirit that a nation gains its greatest power. A people that spontaneously and unanimously acts thus in a great national crisis surely may be said to possess a soul less material than that of those interested in the spoils of victory; it can be trusted in the formulation of its foreign policy. And the less material a nation's soul the closer is its connection with the Great Power House, our complete allegiance to which is acknowledged by our Declaration of Independence.

CHAPTER VII

SHANTUNG AND KOREA VERSUS THE WHITE PERIL

THAT extraordinary Venetian, Marco Polo, who returned home from "Far Cathay" in 1292 after a sojourn there of nearly two decades, amazed Europe for many a long day by his account of the wonders of the Far East. His alluring statements concerning Zipangu, later called Japan, were destined to produce striking results. Marco Polo died in 1324, and more than a century and a half afterward, one of his readers, also an Italian, inspired by his narrative and by other stories to win sight of glorious Zipangu, resolutely set his face against all accepted geographical beliefs and sailed for the fabled island in a westward direction instead of following the eastward path of the earlier adventurer. This later Italian (his name was Christopher Columbus) by his epoch-making voyage toward Zipangu transformed the earth from a flat plain into a globe. He did more—his addition of the two new continents to the known world led the way to the white man's overrunning the earth.

Columbus died ignorant that he had discovered a new hemisphere, but believing he had found lands near to the Zipangu he so earnestly longed to see. Never since his successful venture has the relentless expansion of the white man's dominion ceased. Nor has he been contented to expand until his flags covered not only the two American continents, but also those of Africa and Australia, as well as most of the "isles of the seas." Equally persistent has been his enthusiasm for acquiring Asian territory. Russia pushed steadily across its northern half until the Pacific Ocean alone checked her eastward march, and then turning southeasterly she swung downward through Manchuria until she reached the Gulf of Chihli and the Yellow Sea, and was firmly seated at Port Arthur, which she turned into the Gibraltar of the East. Meanwhile in southern Asia, England had taken all the great territories of India, and then, for elbow room, had spread west and east and northeast, reaching out along the Malay Straits, Singapore way, and over the lofty Himalayas into Thibet. East of her France took a huge piece of China,—Tonkin, with its eighty millions of Chinese inhabitants. The English, by formal notice, warned all other powers out of that central and best portion of China loosely called the Yangtse Valley. The

French issued a similar tabu notice covering all Chinese territory south of the Yangtse Valley. The Russians took even stronger steps throughout Manchuria and Mongolia, so that when the Germans raised their standard over Shantung, the white races had omitted little of Asia except the province of Chihli, around Peking, in which city their armed Legation guards dominated that neighborhood.

Now let us suppose the reader to be an interested Japanese geographer, wonderingly observing these advancing waves of the White Peril, ever approaching nearer and nearer to his island home off the Asian coast. Assume that, being such an observer, he is as patriotic and intelligent as the average American would be under similar circumstances. What would he think?—silently at first, until such time as his growing exasperation made him burst into action at seeing these white men from far-off Europe, not content with annexing all the rest of the world, finally engaged in absorbing the nearby lands of his (the Japanese's) neighbor and fellow Oriental, China. Of all these Occidental invaders of your neighbor (for remember, gentle reader, you are Japanese for the while) not one has a crowded homeland like yours, needing more territory for the annual population increase of

700,000. Not a single one of them!—and yet they have finally advanced until the White Peril which has overrun the world has arrived at your very door. To quote from President Cleveland, it “is a condition and not a theory that confronts” you, and that condition insistently presents the question of the famous Tammany chieftain, “What are you going to do about it?” Are you going to leave Russia in Manchuria with her great stronghold of Port Arthur as convenient to your coasts as is British Wei-hai-wei across the gulf, or nearby German Tsingtao? And while you are turning this condition over in your Japanese mind, don’t forget that Russia replaced you in the Liao Tung peninsula after you had handsomely won it in the Chinese War, because, forsooth! the Russian, French and German Governments, by a polite joint note expressed their fear that its continued occupation by you would menace international peace! It was all right for a white man to hold that strategic Chinese port—any white man; but not you! But let us get back to the Tammany man’s practical inquiry, “What are you going to do about it?” Why, exactly what you did do about it—attack the Russian, throw him out of Manchuria, take and hold the menace of Port Arthur, and then eliminate his influence from Korea, where he

not only stood for the lowest form of inefficient and unsanitary burlesque on government, but actually encouraged the persistence of the ignorance and filth that made the Hermit Kingdom in every sense a stench,—a land of but two classes, the robbers and the robbed. The American people openly sympathized with the Japanese cause in their Russian War, and President Roosevelt led in approving and formally recognizing the annexation of Korea by Japan.

One of the chief causes of our Spanish War was our inability longer to tolerate the constant yellow fever danger from Cuban ports which the Spaniards neither could nor cared to control. And yet Cuba in her worst days was as an anti-septic hospital ward in comparison with what Korea always meant to Japan—just across Tsushima Straits. Now, are you, kind sir or madam, at last and for the first time, beginning to see the Far Eastern problem through Japanese eyes, and therefore in a new light? Shantung and Korea, the two sore points of Japanese aggression, as some Occidentals call them;—yes, but how do the Japanese feel about them? That is something never considered by the “rocking chair fleet” of internationalists at home who have never seen the Far East but have talked so incessantly of the Yellow Peril bogey, that they

cannot realize the swallowing powers of that real dragon, the White Peril, and how he is regarded by the other fellow.

We have seen that to the Japanese Korea, always a dangerous pest-breeding neighbor, would, if left to the Russian, afford a handy spring-board for a leap upon nearby Japan. The Russian was defeated, and Korea has been cleaned up. And what does Shantung mean to the Japanese? It means an eleventh-hour decision to prevent the passage into white hands of that last remnant of Asia which fronted on the Japan dominated waters, the waters so vital to the island race living in their midst. The Japanese cannot, for the life of him, understand America's excitement over Shantung province when there was none over Germany's taking it, and when the French holding of the far greater provinces in Tonkin, etc., excite Americans no more than do England's or Russia's takings from China! If the reader still has on his Japanese spectacles, can he see why Japan should give up Shantung while the French, English, or Russians retain their lots of broken China? If I were Japanese I would loosen my hold on Shantung at the same time that the French, English and Russians relinquish their acquisitions of Chinese territory, and not a minute sooner. But—I would not

have agreed to restore Shantung to China as Japan did in her 1914 ultimatum to Germany, nor would I have promised to support the sovereignty of the Korean royal house only a few short years before August 29, 1910, when Korea was incorporated into the Japanese Empire. But that remark brings us round a sharp corner into a subject far wider than the Far East—it brings us face to face with the long established usages of European diplomacy.

In the Japanese formal assurances just cited, whereby she seemingly gave definite outlines to her future policies regarding those two moot points of Far Eastern discussion—Shantung and Korea, Japan was but following a well understood and commonly accepted system of verbiage employed by European diplomacy. Some ill-judged friends of Japan claim that she was only giving expression to an Oriental's desire to say something pleasant whilst awaiting future events to shape themselves conveniently for the speaker. There is no use, and certainly no common sense, in advancing that sort of explanation which does not explain. Frankness is best and therefore wisest, and the frank fact is that Japan's early statements and later acts (until she returns Shantung to China) are nothing more or less than parallels of England's

concerning Egypt. England went into Egypt hand in hand with France, and under the soothing fiction of allegiance and support to the Khedive representing there the Turkish Sultan. Presently the French found themselves firmly, but very, very gently disengaged from the Egyptian situation, and England remaining alone in the saddle, with of course the allegiance-to-Khedive fiction still out in the show window. The English did wonders in Egypt. They cleaned up an Augean stable, they harnessed the once dangerous Nile so that its floods became uninterruptedly profitable, they gave good government to a downtrodden people,—indeed, nowhere has the justly praised colonial rule of the English borne sounder fruit. But—and note this, you critics of Japanese verbiage anent Shantung and Korea,—it was all done under the diplomatic fiction of promising allegiance to a ruler not allowed to rule,—of seeming subordination of the real and acting power just like the Japanese phraseology regarding the Korean royal house. Nobody ever calls England's treatment of Egypt an example of Oriental duplicity—they approvingly style it a splendid undertaking of the White Man's Burden!

If Japan seeks a European model for her diplomatic action she need not go so far back as the

beginning of English rule in Egypt. She has only to make use of English phraseology in her 1919 dealings with Persia. Russia went to pieces, and so did the old understanding dividing Persia into two spheres of influence, the northern, Russian, and the southern, English. Did England then take over all of Persia outright? Certainly not!—no more (in words) than Japan did Korea,—and no less! All she did was to bind Persia to purchase all military and other government equipment from England, and to take from her also all “advisers” of any and every department, and to borrow from her all moneys needed, whether for railroads or other improvements advised by the English “advisers,” and also to let them “advise” in the revision of her tariff. That is all, and further, the English Government, with small sense of humor, goes on to agree in the same documents “to respect absolutely the independence and integrity of Persia”! This, of course, puts Persia to-day under the same sort of British domination that was exercised over Egypt until the action of the Sultan in the war necessitated dropping the outworn fiction of allegiance to his sovereignty. This is not written to criticize England, but to readjust the viewpoint of those who criticize Japan for using the same diplomatic formulas and methods before

taking over Korea as England used in Egypt and in Persia. The Korean episode was not "typical of Oriental diplomacy"—it was only European diplomacy applied by Orientals in the Orient, that is all. +

As for Shantung, when you view it from the Japanese point of view, and realize she is not taking all that her 1917 treaties with England, France and Italy permitted, you will see that the Japanese have a right to flatter themselves that they are showing far more moderation than has ever been shown in the Far East by her three European predecessors and instructors in China partitioning. The very fact of the negotiation of those treaties indicates that those three European Powers would have made some disposition among themselves of Germany's loot in Shantung if they had not approved the status quo of Japanese occupation. And what proof, say you, is there for such an implication that they would not have given Shantung back to China? This, —did England fail to grasp Wei-hai-wei when, in 1895, the European Powers forced Japan to relinquish her war-won Chinese prizes?—certainly not; when Japan was forced out England took it herself and holds it to-day. Did China get back Manchuria that same year when Japan was forced out?—no, Russia moved in. That

which is all right for a white power is all wrong for Japan,—what unfair bosh! If Japan had not taken over Germany's rights in Shantung (against whose taking by Germany there was no American or other protest), then one of the usual European annexers would surely have stepped in, just as England did into Wei-hai-wei, or Russia into Manchuria after the Japanese defeat of China, and annexed it. At the date of this writing I firmly believe that China will receive back far more of Shantung from the Japanese than she would have gotten had the English or French occupied the German holdings there.

All men of common sense, of whatever nationality, regard England's control of Egypt as having been a blessing for the land and its people. England will surely perform for Mesopotamia and for Persia the same miracle of irrigation transforming a desert into paradise that Egypt shows, and we look forward with keen interest to that certain result. Well and good, but now let us use these same eyes of benevolent approval for another people blessed and another land improved, but not by directing them upon an Egypt of to-day or a Mesopotamia or Persia of to-morrow, but upon Korea. What will the visitor there see?

There were in December, 1918, 336,872 Japanese in Korea, of which 66,943 were in Seoul. What are they doing for the country and its 18,000,000 people? Its range on range of bare hills remind one travelling from the seaport of Fusan to inland Seoul of New Mexico and Arizona, or Spain, or Algeria. This is because the improvident Koreans denuded the country of its splendid forests. The Japanese (successful foresters, as their own pine-clad hills show) have set out no less than 473,195,796 trees in Korea, and are still pressing on with its reforestation. They are employing as many Koreans as possible, over three times as many as were so employed in 1910. In 1911, April 3 was selected as Arbor Day and six years later over 750,000 participated in its beneficent exercises. The output of the Korean coal mines has been nearly trebled since 1910. Her foreign trade went up from 59 million yen in 1910 to 131 million in 1917. Her railway mileage has doubled under Japanese control. Savings are being encouraged, as appears from the last available report (January, 1917) which shows 827,215 Korean depositors, and an increase of 177,687 individuals during the preceding year. The telegraph lines have been doubled in length by the Japanese and the 1910 telephone lines of 302 miles have grown to over

3,000 miles. Both highways and street extensions show even handsomer increases, and Seoul with its many broad avenues is, thanks to the Japanese, one of the best paved cities in the Orient. Extensive harbor improvements have transformed the old-fashioned Korean ports into models of modern embarkation points. Especially have the Japanese encouraged agriculture in their new province and thereby secured constantly increasing benefits for the inhabitants, of whom 80 per cent are normally agriculturists, producing 70 per cent of their land's exports. Model farms, experimental stations and training stations have been set up in many centres, and over a million yen is thus annually expended to uplift the Korean farmers. Left to himself he would cultivate nothing but rice, and when it was harvested wait until next season for the same crop, but the Japanese are teaching him new side lines—fruit trees, cotton, sugar beet, hemp, tobacco, silk worms, sheep breeding, etc. An increase of several hundred per cent in wheat, bean and barley acreage has thus been achieved. The cotton acreage increased from 1,123 cho in 1910 to 48,000 in 1917, and the number of fruit trees more than trebled. Numerous factories, something hitherto unknown in the land, have been introduced, affording occupation for thou-

sands of Koreans. Startling improvements in health conditions have been effected by means of hygienic inspection and government hospitals and by new waterworks everywhere. The schools, especially industrial schools, are vigorously and successfully combating the old Korean ignorance and shiftlessness. This hurried glimpse of Japan's efforts to better Korean conditions doesn't read like the selfish efforts of an oppressor, does it? The foregoing is a fair picture of Japanese rule in Korea, and it richly deserves to be hung alongside of the one depicting England's service to Egypt, nor need it fear comparison.

As for Japan's governmental administration in Korea since 1910, the fairest comment is that the military government there was not successful. Few military chiefs are of the type affording successful colonial governors, while their subordinate officers, especially those of the lower ranks, are almost always tactless. The Japanese themselves, from their experiences in Formosa as well as in Korea, found out this fact, and in the summer of 1919 the mistake was corrected by Imperial rescript, and civil governors replaced the military ones in both those provinces. No matter which nation undertakes it, military government for a dependency proves unsatis-

factory. We found this out in the early days of our Philippine experiments, where there occurred several unpleasant episodes of drastic "water cures" and the like tyrannical exercises of power by under-officers. It would have proved equally true in Cuba, if in General Wood we had not happened to have an administrator of unusual ability and tact. It must not be forgotten that even the worst instances of unwisdom cited against the Japanese military rule in Korea were as beneficent blessings in comparison with the consistently continuous misrule by Koreans which it succeeded.

American readers will be interested to learn that Baron Saito, lately appointed Governor General of Korea, although now for twenty years out of the active naval service, was in 1898 the commander of the Japanese cruiser "Akitsu-shima" which put in to Manila Harbor just after Admiral Dewey's great victory. Admiral Von Diederich, bent on making trouble for the Americans, sent his Flag Lieutenant Von Hintze (years later Minister for Foreign Affairs) to persuade Captain Saito to join in resisting Admiral Dewey's regulation requiring an American officer to visit every incoming vessel even if a warship, on the ground that it was "visit and search" and as such illegal and improper.

Captain Saito's reply was that if he were in Admiral Dewey's place he would act just as he was acting, and that so far from joining with Von Diederich he accepted the visit from the American officer as a welcome act of courtesy! The selection of such a man by the Mikado in the summer of 1919 to be his Governor General superseding the military government, and the appointment as Consul General by our State Department of Mr. Ransford Miller, one of our best equipped men in Far Eastern matters, augurs well for a better mutual understanding at that difficult post.

After reading a number of the attacks upon Japan's behavior in Korea, alleged or actuated by American missionaries in that field, I happened upon some incidents and facts which aroused my suspicions, so I went to Seoul and investigated upon the ground. One of these incidents was my happening to notice that, in a photograph sent from Korea and published in a reputable American magazine (*Current Opinion*), the uniforms worn by Japanese soldiers who were shooting a Korean victim were not the uniforms of to-day, but those worn in 1895 during the Chinese-Russian War. The photograph proved to be one of an execution in 1895 of a Chinese spy caught in Korean costume! Those

who sent this photograph to America for publication intended to deceive the American publisher (which they did) and through him his American readers; people who will thus deliberately deceive once, will not stop at one deception! The perusal of Dr. Robert Speer's report on the missionary situation in Korea afforded another reason for my desire to see for myself that which was being so severely attacked by the very missionaries whom the fair-minded Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions described. I have been a member of the Foreign Missions Committee of a Presbyterian church in New York City and therefore certainly not prejudiced against the movement, but on the other hand, I believe strongly that work in the foreign field should always be conducted with proper respect for the government there existing. A member of an American missionary family who had lived twenty years in Seoul told me they there generally believed that the Japanese were trying to drive them out of the country because American teaching of Christianity was subversive of the Imperial Government! Such men and women, earnest hard working Christians though they be, should remember that when attempt was made to draw from Our Saviour a criticism of Roman taxes, the reply

began, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." Missionary methods that are subversive of foreign governmental systems are unchristian and need changing—and so do the missionaries!

The Seoul *Press* of December 12, 1919, devotes a leading article to the annual conference of Methodists in Korea held in Seoul. The paper states that the foreign missionaries had no part whatsoever in the recent political disturbances in the peninsula, and weight attaches to this editorial statement because the Seoul *Press* is more or less the mouthpiece both of the Government-General of Korea as well as of the Police Bureau. The following is an editorial article of the Seoul *Press*, published under the heading of "Missionaries at the Cross Ways":

"We learn with great pleasure that at an annual conference of Methodists throughout Chosen recently held in Seoul, Bishop Herbert Welch gave to Korean pastors and evangelists present a very timely warning and instruction. As we have it, the Bishop spoke to the following effect:

" 'You are leaders and teachers of Christian converts, and your whole concern should be directed to spiritual work. I am confident that none of you have anything to do with politics

under the cloak of religion. If, however, any of you are found to be speaking and acting at variance with the spirit of Christianity, I shall not tolerate it. It is really disappointing to find that since spring last not a few workers in our church have acted contrary to our expectation. Religionists have their own sphere of activity, as politicians have theirs. Since we have devoted ourselves to religious work, it is only proper that we should confine our activity to it; in fact, it is our duty to do so. I am confident that all of you are working with the spirit of self-sacrifice and in conformity with the principle of our faith.' ”

“The above quotation is not verbatim, so we cannot vouchsafe for its accuracy. It is certain, however, that Bishop Welch emphatically disapproved of any Korean Christian workers taking part in political movements.

“In spite of all things said to the contrary, we persist in our conviction that no foreign missionaries have ever abetted or encouraged their Korean followers to rise against the Government. Some of them might have shown passive sympathy towards Korean agitators in their aspirations and hopes. It is an undeniable fact that the Korean agitators include many men and women prominent in the Presbyterian and

Methodist Churches. This fact, however, does not necessarily establish the erroneous contention very often put forth by some Japanese jingoists that foreign missionaries are at their back. We continue to believe that those Korean Christians who have taken part in the agitations have done so on their own account without either the knowledge or approval of their foreign teachers and leaders.

“Nevertheless, we cannot be blind to the fact that the passive sympathy shown Korean agitators, in word and writing, by some foreign missionaries aggravated the situation, the agitators interpreting this to the credulous masses as a token of the foreign aid which they said would be forthcoming. It is a thousand pities that these missionaries did not take a more manly and resolute attitude and declare to their Korean followers their disapproval of any of them taking part in the useless and harmful agitation. Had they done so, the trouble would not have assumed the dimension it did. It is of no use, however, to cry over spilt milk. Let the past bury its past. Now that the Government-General of Chosen has been reorganized under a most liberal-minded and able statesman and many good reforms are on the eve of being effected for the benefit of the Korean people, let us hope

that such foreign missionaries as we have referred to will completely change their attitude and guide their Korean followers in the right way as Bishop Welch has shown. They now stand at the cross ways, either to cooperate with the Government and make it their friend or to persist in opposing it and make it antagonistic to themselves as well as to their work. We have sufficient faith in their wisdom that they will make no mistake in their choice."

The only comment or suggestion made to me at any time by the Japanese authorities regarding American missionaries in Korea struck me as sound common sense—they said, "Why don't you send to Korea (a Japanese province) missionaries who have worked at least a year in Japan, say in the language schools, and who thus, understanding the Japanese, do not begin work in Korea with the prejudice of ignorance against everything Japanese." Could anything be fairer than that? There are too many of our missionaries who have lived so long in Korea as to think they own the country, and they can countenance no changes therein, even improvements. In that connection it is discouraging to note that in that flourishing missionary field, with hundreds of missionaries and over 300,000 Korean converts, Christianity seems to have left its converts about

as ignorant and filthy as before their conversion, and nothing like so advanced in civilization and decency of life as the nearby Buddhists and Shintoists of Japan. Why? Perhaps some light on the answer can be gotten from Dr. Speer's official report, a perusal of which hardly inclines one to select as broad-minded guides for shaping American public opinion toward Japan some of the men he there describes. They are doing faithful work according to their lights, but they are hardly qualified for advisers upon international affairs, in which calm judgment must go hand in hand with a constant desire for good will among men.

Reverting to the danger of foreigners unthinkingly abusing a nation's hospitality by acts or teachings subversive of its authority, I must confess to believing before visiting the Far East that democracy was the best form of government for all peoples. A study on the spot of the contrast between the excellently functioning Imperial Government of Japan on the one hand, and, on the other, the disheartening venality of many officials of the Chinese Republic plus the situation in Siberia made too free for democracy, has readjusted my point of view. Democracy for peoples like the Anglo-Saxons—decidedly yes!—but for the Far East, no. Kipling re-

marks that Russia is an eastern and not a western nation, and of Siberia especially is this true. Mr. Alfred R. Castle, a distinguished Harvard graduate, of Honolulu, who served in Siberia with the American Red Cross, states that of the 380 Bolshevist Commissars constituting their government in all parts of European Russia and Siberia, 286 were Russian Jews who had lived in America, and nearly all in New York City's lower East Side. With grim humor, thus did "chickens come home to roost" for the Russian people at large, and the awful tragedies of their Jewish pogroms were amply revenged. Trotzky was evidently not the only viper we warmed at our national bosom. During the dark days of the Jewish pogroms in Russia, American Jews rightly rallied to their support and brought all possible influence to bear upon our government to urge a square deal for their co-religionists in Russia. But this new situation is a different one, because many of these so-called Jews now influential in Russia are apostates. There is a fine significance in the fact that such sterling Jewish leaders as Rabbi Silverman are recognizing that American Jews should not support lawless anarchists just because they happened to be born in the Jewish faith. Russia's experiments in democracy are even less encouraging than

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China's. No, neither missionaries nor American commercial pioneers, nor any other decent forward-looking men are faced the right way when they speak or act, even unintentionally, so as to make trouble for such a preserver of order as the responsible Japanese governmental system daily shows itself to be, least of all while living in lands under the Japanese flag. That system suits its own people, and if it doesn't suit any of our people, it would be well if they came home, for better relations between our country and Japan are of the first importance.

So much for Shantung and Korea, an eleventh-hour stand by one nation alone against the rapidly advancing world-consuming White Peril. If a complete readjustment of the Californian friction can be effected, and if American public opinion will consent to enlightenment upon the Shantung and Korean questions, not only will a long step be taken toward restoring feelings similar to those of 1905 between our two peoples, but also two objects will be achieved, important alike to the Japanese and to American labor and American capital. Japan has been placed alongside Asian markets by the "Act of God," but she needs American capital to develop them. Our capital seeking outlets to Asian markets (sure to give added employment to

American labor) needs the advantages of that Oriental cooperation which China's neighbor, Japan, controls for geographical and racial reasons. The best international "deal" is that which benefits both parties thereto, and here is such a combination. Here is a Far Eastern policy that squares with our history, our needs and our ideals.

CHAPTER VIII

THE YELLOW PERIL BOGEY

ONE of the most ingenious of Kaiser Wilhelm's lines of propaganda found expression in his constantly recurring warnings against the Yellow Peril, which he painted with artistic skill. Its purpose was to arouse such suspicions between Japan and America as would leave him free uninterruptedly to develop his policy of island grabbing in the Pacific. Under a smoke screen of Yellow Peril talk the cruelty of his soldiers to the Chinese after the relief of Peking from the Boxers passed almost unnoticed. His plan succeeded, especially in America, but not so much along the eastern seaboard as throughout the rest of our land.

Before the outbreak of the German Peril, our fellow-citizens living west of the Rockies frequently urged that the rest of us were carelessly regardless of this Yellow Peril, that we considered our Atlantic seaboard as the country's

front door, and cared little for what might be going on at the back door facing another great ocean. Perhaps they were right, and that too, regardless of whether or not there exists a real Yellow Peril. One of the oldest of London's famous merchant guilds is that of the Scriveners. At their annual banquet there is handed around the table, from man to man, a splendid loving cup, ancient,—curiously and richly embossed. As each man rises to drink therefrom, there stands back to back with him he who last drank, holding up in an attitude of defense the massive silver cover of the great tankard. Why this quaint custom? it dates from the days when he who so far relaxed his vigilance as to drink from a cup, even among friends, risked a dagger stab, and therefore needed some one to protect his back. We must admit that most Americans had become accustomed to look out upon the rest of the world with an eastward glance, directed toward the Atlantic seaboard or the gulf ports. But what about the Pacific Ocean at their back? Aren't our California cousins right, and should we not draw a lesson from the ancient worthies of the Scriveners' Guild and protect that important half of our national anatomy as well as the other? With that determination, let us turn about and take a serious look at the

present international situation to the west of us, if only to see whether or not a Yellow Peril really threatens us.

Even a careless observer can see that it is materially altered by the fact that, owing to the war, the Germans have dropped out and the Russians have blown up. And those very Germans and Russians were, in that great neighborhood, serious elements of unrest and aggression. The insatiable territorial greed of their two imperial governments knew no rest; both were willing to go to the limit, and both were approaching it rapidly. The Czar had met a check at the hands of the Japanese, but the Kaiser was still uncurbed. On which side those two powers would have finally taken their stand if a real Yellow Peril arose, no one could say—least of all any who read what the war disclosed of Foreign Office documents penned in Berlin or Petrograd. As against those two dangerous factors now disappeared from the Pacific are there not other ones arrived or looming up which serve as antidotes against any Yellow Peril, no matter how serious? We shall see.

But let us examine for a few minutes this Yellow Peril of which one has heard so much. What is the nature of this illusion and what does it become in the dreams of certain demagogues

among us? Nothing more or less than that the entire Japanese nation is training itself (as did Germany) for military aggression, that it will be directed against us, either before or after the said completely Teutonized Japanese nation has taken over and trained to arms their 400,000,000 Chinese neighbors, an irresistible yellow army, lusting to fall upon the white Americans. That, condensed into a few words, is the Yellow Peril as seen first by many American jingoes, second, by a large proportion of the citizens of our Pacific coast states, and—last, but not at all least, by a few militaristic Japanese. Most of these widely differing folk, wherever they reside, must be convinced they are in error before the Yellow Peril bogey is laid. How can such a peace-be-getting crusade be planned?

Let us first consider the few militaristic Japanese jingoes. The Japanese people are unusually shrewd, and as a race gifted with a high average of common sense. It must be admitted that the present generation has tasted great military glory, first in their defeat of the Chinese in 1895, and later, in 1905, in their destruction of the general belief in Russian invincibility. This taste of military glory was exceeding good, and undoubtedly strengthened the hand of the military party. But excellent as was the flavor of those achieve-

ments, the hard-headed Japanese cannot forget that they were followed by years of grievous taxation, from which there was little promise of relief, until, unexpectedly, huge orders for supplies needed for the European conflict happily turned the trade balance in favor of Japan.

I have never seen such widely distributed prosperity as that which Japan is to-day enjoying, and its innumerable beneficiaries are for peace, and resolutely set against anything which may interrupt that prosperity. The urgent demand for labor at mounting wages is emptying the prisons, and mercantile life has gained so many new charms that this year, instead of a waiting list at the military academy, there are many vacancies in the entering class, numerous applicants preferring a business to a military career.

America and Japan lead the world in that development of journalism known as the "yellow press", so we, of all people, should be sympathetic, and not startled, to learn that certain Japanese yellow journals used to print lurid articles to the effect that Russia or Germany, or both, could be relied upon to finance Japanese aggression against us. Especially were such articles necessary to military jingoism during the long period of heavy taxation between the end

of the Russo-Japanese War and the receipt of enriching war orders that followed 1914. Any Japanese would object to a new war at the present day cost of war, if it meant heavier internal taxation. Each modern war costs more per diem than its predecessor for new destructive appliances, nor can any army lacking them stand against one equipped therewith. But it was all so simple, according to these journalistic shadow-dancers—increased taxes would not be necessary because funds would be provided from the vast war chest and gold reserve of Germany irked by the Monroe Doctrine in South America,—or from the even longer purse of Russia, which Rudyard Kipling reminded the world was the most westerly of eastern nations, and not the most easterly of western ones. But the terms of the Versailles treaty of peace and the ruinous results of Russian Bolshevism have interrupted this financial pipedream, and broken the pipe once and for all. Taxes must go up to finance another war—there is no other way!

Furthermore, greatly as Japanese military politicians and their yellow press may, in the past, have sneered at American unpreparedness, classing us with the Chinese, even they cannot to-day mislead the average Japanese upon this subject, in view of our millions of trained sol-

diers, and the demonstration of our wholehearted seriousness in the waging of a war.

In the war-changed Pacific Ocean situation, of even greater significance than the elimination of Russia and Germany, is the greatly enhanced importance of Australia within the British Empire, discussed in a later chapter, and the revolutionized strength of the American fighting force. Before the war (June 30, 1914), we had under arms 92,482 soldiers, 55,384 sailors and 10,272 marines. When the armistice was signed (November 11, 1918), we possessed armed and equipped 3,670,888 soldiers, 510,691 sailors and 32,385 marines. In addition to this great force of about four and a quarter million fighting men, we already had registered and subject to immediate call to the colors, six million more soldiers, making an astounding total of over ten million! It has been computed that New York State alone provided 370,000 of these fighting men, and that if the armistice had not stopped the operation of the draft, that State alone would have sent by July, 1919, the impressive total of 810,000 to the Federal camps and to France. As Adjutant General of that State, and therefore the officer in charge there of the Federal draft, I cannot bear too earnest tribute to the skill, energy and tact with which Major General

Crowder, the Provost Marshal General, one of the great "finds" of the war, conducted that amazing business. It was an inspiration as well as an honor to serve under his orders.

Admiral Mahan points out that a greatly superior fleet does not need to fight in order to gain its purpose; it achieves it without fighting. The surrender without a struggle of the German fleet proves he was right. For this reason, our tremendous increase in fighting power, and the demonstration of how whole-heartedly we apply our wealth to war purposes, have already won us a great victory for peace and rendered ridiculous any Yellow Peril bogey. Foreign jingoes who, before we awoke in 1917, might have urged aggression against the United States, will from now on have difficulty in securing a hearing at their own Foreign Office. Especially will this be true if we maintain the efficiency of our Fleet, and introduce a system of short military training for our young men along lines similar to that practised by the peace-loving Swiss.

Of all illusory international prognostications, the flimsiest is the possibility of Japan's constructing a vast yellow army of Chinese to attack us. The most outstanding reasons for its flimsiness are, first, the really genuine friendship for us felt by the Chinese (which we have deserved,

thank God! and may we continue to do so!) coupled with their constantly growing hatred of the Japanese, caused by their defeat in 1895, by the definite loss of Manchuria, by the 21 demands of 1915 and the method of their presentation, by the recent Shantung episode, etc., etc. The second reason is, as we have already seen, that the Chinese are not a military people, therein differing widely from the Japanese. To the latter, centuries of training and the importance enjoyed all through their history by the Samurai or fighting man, have put a high premium upon warlike valor, whilst in China the soldier ranked lowest in the social scale, at the top of which public opinion placed the peaceful student, untrained in arms and disdainful thereof. Just so surely as the traditions of old Japan have made her to-day a soldiery nation, equally certain is it that no nation, least of all hated Japan, will ever be able to fashion a great anti-American fighting force out of the inbred pacifism of the Chinese. Senator Reed of Missouri stated in the United States Senate that of the total population of the countries composing the proposed League of Nations, 811,425,500 would be yellow, brown, red and black races, with only 289,488,800 of the white race. One-half of that preponderating total of non-white races are the peace-loving

Chinese, whose numbers are neutralized by the facts of their centuries-long inbred pacifism, their traditional friendship for the United States, and their antipathy toward the Japanese. The rest of these non-white races, except those of heterogeneous India, are too widely scattered to become unitedly effective.

So much for laying the Yellow Peril ghost among Japanese military extremists, and now let us have a shot at it among our own people.

During a recent stay of nearly four months in California, spent at different points throughout that peculiarly American State, the writer carried on a campaign of inquiry among all sorts of persons as to how they felt about the Japanese Peril, or (to combine those islanders with the Chinese) the Yellow Peril. Easterners and residents of our middle west would be surprised to find, not only how widely is this feeling spread out there, but also the intelligence of the people entertaining it. In Riverside it was vehemently voiced by a lady superintending a reading room, by a library assistant, and by the leading automobile agent; in Pasadena by a student working his way through college as a hotel waiter and by the owner of a large store; by a prominent clergyman at Berkeley; and by an enterprising steamship agent in Los Angeles, etc. No one

seemed to feel it more strongly than a bright young woman in a Santa Barbara book store, intelligently posted upon the improved reading of that climatic paradise. In San Francisco the leading banker felt as strongly and talked as feelingly thereon as a shabby loungee on a park bench. An old-fashioned boss of that politics-loving metropolis remarked, "it's easy to be right in politics here—you've only got to be anti-Japanese and pro-Irish." But in every case, when pressed for the reason at the back of the anti-Japanese feeling, they all admitted to a dread of the Yellow Peril. So long as England and Germany were engaged in a struggle for naval supremacy, so long as France and Germany were each seeking an army strength superior to its rival, just so long was there sure to be a strong, at times a bitter, feeling between the contesting nations. It is an unfortunate fact that so long as there continues a belief among our Westerners of a Yellow Peril threatening us, just so long will there be postponed those cordial relations between us and Japan so greatly to be desired.

Fortunately these fellow-citizens whose homes look out upon the Pacific know more than do the rest of us about the check upon the Yellow Peril afforded by the new Australia and Canada to which they are sympathetically allied by a com-

mon unwillingness to admit Asiatic immigration. The realization of this fact is slowly but surely laying the Yellow Peril bogey in the very part of our land best qualified to consider it and also the most interested. And the Japanese Government is doing even more than its share to eliminate cause for misunderstanding, as we will presently show.

Those who seek to arouse white audiences by lurid pictures of the Yellow Peril love especially to dwell upon two horrid scenes—the Japanese arming and leading 400,000,000 Chinese in a conquest of the white world, and scene two—such a rapid increase of Japanese in California as will soon submerge the white population. As for scene one, it is a joke! Fighting has been bred out of the Chinese blood during a series of centuries. Occasional outbreaks of mob violence, yes—but intelligent continuous fighting, no! The Japanese are a race of fighters, but the Chinese are not, and never will be. Furthermore, the Chinese distrust and dislike the Japanese even more than they trust and like Americans. The idea of a huge army of Chinese is impossible, except on faked payrolls (long a profitable and popular method of their military system) and that such an army, if raised, could be led by the Japanese against America is a

wild dream! And now for scene two. Appalling statistics were being advanced to show that the few thousand Japanese now in California, plus the wives that are coming over to them from home, will increase at such a rate as to Orientalize in short order the population of our Pacific Coast States. Upon this subject I spoke as follows to a large banquet of Japanese in Tokyo, November 19, 1919:

“In 1905 the sympathy of all America was with Japan, and our pockets were open to your loans. In this connection may I remark that ours is the first nation in history to be at the same time the greatest reservoir both of capital and of raw materials. It is a great pity that to-day the American sentiments of 1905 are altered, but he who pretends otherwise is no true champion of a better and lasting friendship between us. I have recently come from a three months’ study of these misunderstandings in California, and shall venture a suggestion to ameliorate the situation. The ‘Gentlemen’s Agreement’ was a wise diplomatic device, which recognized that Japanese immigration to the United States sets up a competition between our labor and the Japanese laborer who accepts less money and longer hours than our men. It also recognized that this economic undercutting of the American

laborer was arousing friction, and you wisely undertook to check it. In your millions of frugal, industrious laborers lies your greatest power to conquer the markets of the world. But every rose has a thorn!—and your ability to live cheaper and work longer than Occidentals is the thorn felt by American labor when your rose is transplanted to California. Believe me, gentlemen, the problem surrounding Japanese immigration into America is an economic and not a racial one. Here is a proof. When I was in California some years ago so bitter was the feeling there against cheaper living Chinese laborers, that it was not safe for Chinamen to walk alone at night in certain quarters of San Francisco. They then called it racial antipathy and not economic friction, but, since Chinese immigration has been suspended, and therefore the economic friction removed, Chinamen have become popular in California. You meet this Chinese immigration question just as we did, for you do not allow cheaper living Chinese or Korean labor to enter Japan to compete with your people. (Note: It is not many months since a Japanese mine-owner contracted to bring about 25,000 Chinese coolies to work at his mines in the Yamaguchi-ken, near Shimono-seki, in the west of Japan. He actually brought in 2,000 of these Chinese, but his application for

the necessary permission covering the whole transaction was denied by the local authorities. He appealed that decision to Tokyo, but it was upheld, and he had to ship his 2,000 Chinese back home, and the venture cost him over 65,000 yen. This story was told me by an editor of a leading Tokyo newspaper). There is no province of Japan where there are 110,000 Chinese or Korean laborers to 25,000 Japanese, as there are 110,000 Japanese to 25,000 Americans in Hawaii, and you are quite right thus to protect your labor from undercutting. There is no province of Japan where foreign labor is increasing by birth or otherwise in far greater proportion than the Japanese, and yet that is true of Japanese foreign labor in California. Your protection of Japanese labor against Chinese or Korean competition leads me to my promised suggestion. My investigations convince me that beyond doubt the Japanese Government has loyally lived up to both the spirit and the letter of the 'Gentlemen's Agreement,' but that agreement ought to be supplemented by a 'Ladies' Agreement,' because the loyal adherence of your Government to the 'Gentlemen's Agreement' is being offset by the numerous 'picture brides' going from Japan to Japanese laborers in America. Their coming imperils our relations

more than you realize and for reasons difficult for you to understand.

“All you see in this ‘picture bride’ system is a proper desire of your men abroad to get wives from home. You are accustomed to marriages being arranged by parents or friends, and therefore cannot grasp how the ‘picture bride’ system surprises and jars upon our people. It isn’t a question of right or wrong, but an affront to a long prevailing custom of our country, where we are as greatly attached to free matrimonial choice by both contracting parties themselves, as you are to your reverence for ancestors. Neither of us really understands how strongly the other feels in these regards. Furthermore, perhaps you do not realize that since these ‘picture brides’ are imported by Japanese laborers, they assist their husbands, thus becoming Japanese laborers themselves, and thus offsetting the loyalty of your Government to the ‘Gentlemen’s Agreement.’ And besides, they bear many more children than do the wives of their American neighbors, thus constantly reminding them of the increasing proportion of Japanese to Americans in Hawaii, which brings us right back to the economic competition again. A ‘Ladies’ Agreement’ limiting the number of laborers’ wives

going to America would restore the situation to the wise basis reached by the 'Gentlemen's Agreement.' The lack of a 'Ladies' Agreement' permits economic friction to increase, with a certain result that none of us cares to contemplate."

Although these remarks were freely published in the Japanese press, no hostile comment appeared. On December 18th, one month later, the Japanese Ambassador at Washington officially notified our State Department that the issuance of passports to "picture brides" would be discontinued. Thus the bottom falls out of the chief Yellow Peril argument in California, for if the female of the species is thus reduced in number, the alleged dangerous increase in Japanese birth-rate loses its danger, and the "Gentlemen's Agreement" plus its new ally, the "Ladies' Agreement," together provide all the restraint upon Japanese immigration that a reasonable American laborer can ask. The Japanese authorities, by this move, as friendly as it is sagacious, have completely readjusted the difficult situation in California.

So much for California, and now a few words about the situation in Hawaii, where 110,000 Japanese overbalance the total citizenship of 265,000, of which only 25,000 are white Ameri-

cans. Unfortunately, the Japanese at home do not understand how this excessive and increasing foreign element upon a portion of American territory is misunderstood abroad. A leading Japanese daily, the Tokyo *Yamato*, said not long ago: "We venture to advise America to adopt the principle of self-determination in Hawaii. While addressing this advice to America, we urge that at the first conference of the League of Nations, Japan should bring forward a proposal for the execution of the principle of self-determination in Hawaii. This proposal would prove the acid test of America's so-called principle of justice and humanity." The recent plebiscites in territories claimed by Denmark and Germany show that such an appeal as the *Yamato* is up to date, and that the preponderance of Japanese in Hawaii threatens American sovereignty there, even though not by warlike means. I believe that a Japanese Government so capable of timely and tactful action as the present one can be counted on to relieve this situation. However, in view of the *Yamato's* article, it is urgent that it receive early consideration at their hands.

There remains to be considered only the third class of Yellow Peril enthusiasts, and that but

a small one—certain American demagogues. Demagogues are opportunists and float with the political current. So soon as they find that the average voter sees that the possibility of a dangerous military combination on the Pacific of the Germans or Russians, or both, with the Japanese no longer exists, that neither Germany nor Russia can finance any Japanese aggression, and that England's completed solidarity with Australia and Canada has come to exceed London's interest in the Anglo-Japanese alliance, then the demagogue will drop the Yellow Peril as a means of exciting audiences, and turn to more timely subjects. You can trust a demagogue, of whatever country, to sense and get on board of current topics and to desert those of past interest!

This book has carefully eschewed that form of pacifist lullaby which certain unwise American friends of Japan are so fond of singing, and tries, first by admitting the dread of a Yellow Peril, and then by showing the existing checks upon it, to remove any reasonable fear thereof, and therefore, by logical and not by hysterical methods, to clear the way for a readjustment of our national attitude toward Japan. It shows but poor judgment to deny that there exist many Japanese military jingoes and a Yellow Press,

and that military success and territorial expansion are highly popular among those brave islanders. But they are more than offset by other elements among their own people, and they are beginning to realize it.

In the last analysis, if Japanese jingoes, dwellers in a land which Admiral Mahan said "comes to its present with the same inheritance as Germany from its past, of the submergence of the individual in the mass," should succeed in stirring up their people against the white dwellers about the Pacific, what chance would they have against lands where the development of individual freedom and rights as a basis for advancing the Commonwealth has yielded such practical results as in our land and in the British Empire as represented by Australia and Canada? Nor must it be forgotten that while the only possible source of the Yellow Peril (certain northwesterly islands of the Pacific) is offset by Anglo-Saxons down the southern half of the same side of that ocean and the northern half of its easterly side, the other or southerly half of the eastern coastline is peopled by another white race, which although of Latin and not Anglo-Saxon extraction, would lend no aid in a racial struggle between yellow and white races to the former. No, the balance against any pos-

sible Yellow Peril is so great as entirely to remove any reasonable dread of it, and therefore we may safely and promptly proceed to a better understanding between ourselves and the progressive Japanese.

CHAPTER IX

A PHILIPPINE REPUBLIC?

THE matter of Philippine independence has been much complicated of late by the fact that the Japanese, as a result of secret treaties made in 1917 with England, France, Italy and Russia, hold the Marshall and Caroline islands owned by Germany when the great war broke out. Our Far Eastern policy must recognize this new fact and confront it. The location of these islands, lying as they do across our line of communication with the Philippines, falls within the spirit if not the letter of the valuable "Lodge Amendment" to the Monroe Doctrine adopted in July, 1912, by the United States Senate, because in the language thereof it "might threaten the communications . . . of the United States." This Amendment refers to places in the American Continents, but it is nevertheless certain that "the Government of the United States could not see, without grave concern" anything which "might threaten the communications of the United States" in so vital a link as that connect-

ing Manila with Hawaii. This encircling of the Philippines by Japan's advance in that quarter inspires inquiry as to their intentions, and means that the former's independence is no longer an isolated question capable of separate consideration and treatment, but that it is now part and parcel of the Japanese question, which is the next great international problem demanding adjustment.

Filipinos like to dismiss this danger of theirs by telling you the Japanese don't want their lands, and yet, when the protection of those lands against excessive Japanese purchases by Philippine legislative acts was being opposed by our State Department during the winter of 1918-1919, their leader and Speaker of Assembly, Mr. Osmeña, cabled their agent in Washington, Mr. Quezon, President of their Senate, that it was "absolutely vital" such legislation be permitted. "Absolutely vital" means that there was danger from these purchases by Japanese, and this was true especially in Mindanao, the great hemp centre. And yet now these politicians tell you there is no such danger, since the Japanese do not want their islands! Why, then, was legislation to keep them out "vitally necessary," and, further, why were several important Japanese newspapers seriously discussing, during the sum-

mer of 1919, whether the United States would sell them the Philippines at a fair price, and wondering what a fair price for them would be? Both Mr. Omeña and Mr. Quezon publicly expressed delight when on December 8, 1919, the cable brought the news to Manila that the desired legislation had become a law. No, they were right when they appraised this question as a vital one for their people. It is, and Philippine independence has become for America an integral part of the Japanese question, and can no longer be considered apart from it.

But in order to get a fair view of the situation as it stands to-day, let us assume that our withdrawal from that archipelago is not part of a larger problem, and consider what sort of a representative republic would ensue if we left them without our protection.

The determined, energetic Anglo-Saxon, represented by the Australians and New Zealanders, controls the barrier chain of islands lying off Asia from the equator southward, and the virile, aggressive Japanese hold the northerly part of that chain down as far south as the Philippines, which alone are inhabited by a race no stronger than the original mainlanders of the Asian continent. This weak link in the island chain has long been in foreign hands, viz., first the Span-

iards and then, more recently, our own. We are not there as the result of any land-grabbing expedition, but because Admiral Dewey on May 1, 1898, in response to the famous order to seek out and destroy the Spanish fleet, thoroughly obeyed his instructions and put us in such complete possession that President McKinley, finding no honorable exit, reluctantly decided the following year that we must continue in charge of those distant possessions. Of course, we need suitable coal and oil stations for our navy at selected points all around the world, but we must all admit that the Philippine question as a whole is for us nothing more or less than a search for an honorable solution of a serious problem. Dare we make them independent, and then leave them to their fate, or what shall we do? None of us, in the bottom of our hearts, really wants great territory so far from home. Naval stations, yes; trade, yes—but not huge colonial possessions, especially in a climate too tropical for us to colonize, and too vast and distant for us to defend. An honorable exit would suit most of us, but its quest has certainly been complicated by Japan receiving the mandate of the Caroline and Marshall Islands, taken over by her from the Germans during the late war. This looks like a threat against our continued occupation of the

Philippines or their independence if we retire. Not only do those islands lie athwart our line of communication between the Philippines and Hawaii, but also the Japanese have at Jaluit, in the Marshalls, a naval station only 2,100 miles from Pearl Harbor, our great naval base in the Hawaiian Islands, and 1,400 miles nearer thereto (and therefore to California) than the strong Japanese navy formerly enjoyed. So long as the Japanese retain these islands they are not only threatening Hawaii, but are also serving notice of what may happen to the Philippines soon after we move out, if we leave nothing behind us to protect their independence but ten million natives of scores of races speaking innumerable languages, and with only a small percentage of their number educated. They will share the fate of Formosa, Korea, Manchuria, Shantung, etc.—they will become Japanese. It would probably be better for them than their independence. But this book is not written for the purpose of discussing how to benefit the Filipinos, but seeks, from a pro-Japanese angle, to improve relations between Japan and the United States, as a condition precedent to a sound Far Eastern policy. And what effect upon those relations would be had by the publication, some fine day (and that, too, an early

one!) after a Utopian policy led us to give the Filipino his independence, that, one or more Japanese traders having been murdered on some island of the Philippine group, the Japanese navy had landed marines to protect her merchants and to demand reparation? The Filipinos could not assure protection to any foreigner anywhere throughout most of the archipelago, so there the world would be, back in a somewhat familiar international situation. The Germans took all of Shantung because two missionaries were murdered in Kiachao—could one really blame an Oriental nation from following the illustrious example of an Occidental one? And what would our people say to this? Perhaps the reader may reply, "They would say nothing, because the Philippine responsibility would no longer be ours." But is that really true? It is more than doubtful. The anti-Japanese among us would not fail to seize upon this as one more weapon in their arsenal of attack upon the Island Kingdom's alleged aggressiveness, etc.

How do the Filipinos feel toward the Japanese, and how is it reciprocated? During my stay in Japan I was interested to notice from the daily newspapers how friendly a reception was being everywhere accorded to a party of Filipino

ladies and gentlemen, the Honorable Sergio Osmeña, Speaker of the Philippine Assembly, Major and Mrs. A. C. Torres, the Honorable Galicano Apacible, Secretary of Agriculture, etc. I saw them at several places, and the Major, a well-built soldierly figure, always wore his American uniform of the Philippine National Guard. Not only were they of course entertained by the Speaker of the Japanese Lower House, and by many other officials in Tokyo, but also they were given other and more striking proofs of friendly esteem, such as being permitted to penetrate the Holy of Holies in the sanctuary of Iyeyasu's gorgeous mausolea on the pine-clad hills of Nikko, and as being fêted by the Governor General of Korea, where every facility was given them for seeing the beneficent results of Japanese rule. A Japanese Baron, who recently has had cause to dislike America because of a public slight officially given him, told me in Tokyo that he had met these distinguished Philippine visitors, and that they had told him they were entirely satisfied with American control of their islands. I could not help wondering just how it came about that these Filipino officials happened to discuss American control with a Japanese, and especially with one known to have received unpleasant treatment at

the hands of the American Government! It is a grievous fault to be over-curious, but one must confess to a wish to have heard all of that particular conversation. This visit of Mr. Osmeña to Japan has peculiar interest to readers of Kalaw's quaintly partisan "Self-Government in the Philippines," a naive argument that all recent progress and improvement there is due solely to the Filipino governing class, without admitting that this politically active group is but a trifling minority of a heterogeneous population incapable of national assimilation. He points out that the Assembly has come to be considered as peculiarly the political expression of the people's will, and its Speaker as the real leader of all the Filipinos. This would give more significance to the Japanese visit of Mr. Osmeña and to his reception there than would appear to the unenlightened onlooker. The *Manila Times* of October 10, 1919, speaking editorially of a letter written home by Mr. Osmeña during his tour in Japan to Mr. Quezon, President of the Senate, reporting that he "has been treated with distinguished courtesy by Japanese officialdom," says that "the trend of events in Asia is toward increasing intimacy between Japan and these Islands. . . . As the Filipinos expect independence, and as they are willing, according to the

statements of several of their leading statesmen, to accept it without any previously agreed protectorate by the United States, it is well for them to cultivate the most friendly relations with the Japanese, and to seek in return sincere friendship. . . . While the Filipinos themselves are notable for their courtesy and hospitality, without design or fear, the horoscope of the race now cast by the conjunction of political bodies bodes ominously for any people who have not either the friendship of the needy strong, or the protection of a paternal and powerful altruist." This editorial upon Mr. Osmeña's letter home was approvingly quoted in a Tokyo newspaper of October 30, 1919, under the heading, "Japanese may use Philippine lands," and therefore some people jumped to the hasty conclusion that because Mr. Osmeña, the "boss" of the Filipino political machine, was accompanied on his Japanese tour by the Filipino Secretary of Agriculture, he was preparing to play off an alliance with the land-hungry Japanese against American opponents of Philippine independence. But how could this be true?—for Osmeña, before making an agreement with Japan to respect Filipino independence, would doubtless be "given pause" by the agreements to preserve the integrity of China which Japan made with France

June 10, 1907, with Russia July 30, 1907, with the United States November 30, 1908, and with Great Britain July 13, 1911.

Besides, although Japanese propaganda publicists love to play up their need for more territory into which their crowded home population may expand, in practice they only want to go where there is a higher standard of living and wage scale, so that they may profit by the difference in their favor. One proof of this is that although Korea, the size of the British Isles, has only 18,000,000 inhabitants as against 47,000,000 in Great Britain, and is distant but eleven hours from Shimonoseki, only 336,872 Japanese (1918 statistics) have availed themselves of that nearby opportunity to become less crowded. The Koreans can underlive the Japanese and will accept less wages, so the latter do not care to compete with him, and the Filipino has the same advantages. What is true of Korea holds good also in Manchuria, which, although under Japanese control and not densely populated, has nevertheless attracted but 310,155 Japanese (1918 statistics) from their homeland nearby. Crowding of population does not necessitate emigration, so long as the homeland is prosperous. Take for an example Germany, a country whose military clique were always reaching out for more

colonial territory upon precisely this same plea of excessive crowding of a rapidly growing population at home. What light do cold-blooded statistics throw upon this claim? In 1880, 200,000 Germans emigrated, but in 1910, although the home population had increased during those thirty years by nearly that many millions, only 20,000 Germans left their homes to live abroad, and more than that number of foreigners came to live in Germany, thus turning it from an emigration to an immigration country. There was extensive emigration from Germany when she had only 40,000,000 people, and none at all when she had 70,000,000! Why? Because the improved conditions of life, owing to her great commercial strides during those three decades, enabled her to support a much greater population, and not only kept her own people contented, but attracted others from outside.

Japan is not excessively overpopulated. Parts of it are sparsely populated, and one-third of its arable land is not cultivated. In Japan there are 356 inhabitants per square mile, in Germany there are 310. It is estimated that Belgium has a population of 659 per square mile, and raises food for only one-fifth of them, which is less than half of the number per square mile for which Germany raises food, but Japan does even better.

No, density of population does not necessarily call for more territory outside one's borders. England has 370 per square mile, but her emigration is less than it was when she had far fewer. Holland has 474 per square miles (second only to Belgium among European countries) but Hollanders almost never emigrate. Perhaps of even greater significance than all the foregoing statistics is the seldom noticed fact that the fourteen million Jews, one of the world's greatest races, have no separate territory exclusively their own, nor do most of them seem to want that sort of "a place in the sun." No, if the wheel of Fate should ever turn over the Philippine Islands to the Japanese, they will go there as a governing class, as in Korea and Formosa and Manchuria, and not as settlers seeking escape from overcrowding at home.

No such large piece of territory anywhere around the Pacific has been allowed to remain in weak hands, and a Philippine Republic would be the weakest of all governments, nor is this difficult to prove. We have been learning much lately of the need for recognition of racial concentration, and that peoples of the same race are entitled to separate nationhood. No more Austro-Hungarian combinations are desired, certain in their internal inter-race disputes to breed

disorders difficult to confine within their own borders. And yet the Philippine Republic would furnish just such an objectionable medley of many languages, plus the additional unworkable feature of component races running the entire gamut from university-bred Spanish-speaking politicians down through innumerable gradations to the Igorrote head-hunting savage. A Philippine Republic unprotected by some strong Power would not last long, and, indeed, might prove a serious menace to a peaceful Pacific. And a peaceful Pacific is nothing but an after-dinner orator's dream unless there be laid for it the enduring foundation of better Japanese-American feeling, surely impossible of realization if their military party should engineer the taking of the Philippine Islands after we got out of them. Only cowardly dreamers or absent-minded, distant-bodied idealists think that hauling down the Stars and Stripes at Manila, and hoisting in its place the flag of a heterogeneous and undefended Philippine republic would afford a guarantee that we were finally through with them. It was necessary to free Cuba not once, but twice, and we have since then kept out of the island. It was a splendid thing to do—one of history's great object lessons of national good faith. But Cuba lies very near us and very far

from so land-hungry a Power as Japan. The exact opposite is the case of the Philippines—they are far from us, and form nearby links of the long chain of islands to the north which Japan already holds. It is only a few hours steaming from Formosa to Luzon. No, Cuba cannot fairly be used as argument to encourage a departure from our present status on that distant island barrier chain. We ought not to leave the Filipino to his own defenseless independence unless and until he is fit for it, *and* also some plan is devised to guarantee it to him.

In order to consider the question of when he will be fit for independence, it is fair to approach it from the angle of the Chinese Republic. How is a republic succeeding in that nearby Oriental land?

The Chinese are a people accustomed to change their rulers so frequently as to disgust their conservative neighbors, the Japanese, whose present Imperial dynasty has for twenty-five centuries uninterruptedly ruled Japan. The Chinese have made 26 changes during the last 4,000 years, not only substituting one native dynasty for another, but actually replacing Chinese with foreign Manchus or Mongolians or Tartars, etc., and finally, in 1911, ending up with what is called a republic. This willingness to change govern-

mental systems ought to indicate such a flexible and adjustable state of the national mind as to make for a successful republic, but what is the result?—What is the Chinese Republic and what is happening to it? Substitute a practical for our usual sentimental point of view due to long continuing cordial relations between it and the United States, which has tried in vain and alone to preserve China's territorial integrity. Let us face the truth. What has happened to China?—all its territory is already apportioned between various European Powers, or else they have put upon it their tabu signs, marking out their “spheres of influence,” and forbidding alienation thereof to other nations. Last of all is the appearance of Japan as a substitute in Shantung for Germany, which she ousted from that province. To digress for a moment,—how in the world can you blame Japan? She sees all the other nations grabbing great pieces of China, and of course, in self-defense, she also grabs those pieces near her own territories to prevent some strong European nation from forestalling her. To this extent she has every right to set up a super-Monroe Doctrine of her own. I say “super-Monroe Doctrine” because, without the qualification “super,” she is improperly using the term Monroe Doctrine. In no manner to-day do

Japan's actions in the Far East resemble ours in South and Central America. If you doubt this, read the text of the outrageous 21 demands which she served upon China January 18, 1915. It is inconceivable that any American administration should desire or attempt to treat Argentina or Brazil as Japan has Manchuria and Shantung. I strongly believe that Japan has, by reason of geographical proximity, certain rights to especial consideration in the Far East that we have not, but I would be but a poor friend of Japan if I applauded an attempt on her part to employ the altruistic Monroe Doctrine as a camouflage phrase for certain recently exhibited tendencies of Japanese militaristic development.

Well, a glance at the map reveals what has happened to a large, fairly homogeneous Chinese population, seemingly, by a common written language, literature, habits, traditions, etc., suited to form a strong republic. Why should we expect anything better to happen to the map of the Philippine Islands, once our flag is hauled down and an unprotected Philippine Republic set up? As contrasted with one uninterrupted expanse of Chinese territory, with provinces separated by no impassible natural boundaries, we have the Philippine archipelago consisting of 3,141 charted islands. Although 90% of its

total land area is on the eleven largest islands, those islands, separated by wide channels, are themselves subdivided by chains of mountains and other natural obstacles tending to keep its many races isolated and apart from each other. The whole group has a land surface a little larger than the British Isles, and the chief island, Luzon, is somewhat larger than Pennsylvania. Recent statistics show the following totals for the principal races: Visayan, 3,200,000; Tagalog, 1,500,000; Ilocano, 803,000; Bicol, 566,000; Pangasinan, 343,000; Pampangan, 280,000; Cagayan, 160,000; Zambolan, 49,000. There are numerous subdivisions of the above races, and scores of languages and religions to help make "confusion worse confounded." The tribal language variations are so numerous and so local that a day's journey on foot brings one away from one language and into a strange one. If a truly representative republic is not succeeding on the Chinese mainland with everything in its favor, what chance has it in this tangle of islands where nature, both on land and by sea, conspires with a multiplicity of languages, races and religions to prevent homogeneity or cohesion?

The voting statistics of the Chinese Republic show less than one per cent of the population as participating in the elections of what are, with

unintentional humor, called their representatives. How much larger percentage of the Igorrotes, Moros, Tagalogs, Visayans, Ilocanos, etc., are able intelligently to exercise the franchise? Both those alleged republics would have less percentage of intelligent votes than Mexico has had during the saddest days of a down-trodden peonage. Anything that any enemy of Mexico's sovereignty could ever allege concerning her government as being by an oligarchy of a small, educated class (the so-called *cientificos*) would be true tomorrow in Manila if we withdrew. So much for a Philippine Republic's future as viewed by anyone conveniently near to a map of China as it is now painted over with European and Japanese "spheres of influence" and outright appropriations.

Let us see how the Filipinos are shaping up their governmental system to meet the difficulty caused by their multiplicity of languages, races and religions. Mr. Quezon, President of the Senate, honored me with a luncheon at the Nacionalista Club, the headquarters of the party machine which runs the government and controls all the members of the legislative body except four, and of which club Mr. Osmeña, Speaker of the Assembly, is President. These two gentlemen called my attention to the similar-

ity of racial type displayed in the faces of the Cabinet officers, Judges and numerous Senators and Assemblymen seated around the tables, all of whom spoke fluent Spanish, and many of them fair English. He was quite right, they were remarkably similar in type, and inquiry revealed that by compliance with certain residential requirements, easy to meet, there was nothing to prevent men (selected by the Nacionalista party!) who spent most of their time in Manila, representing constituencies located in distant parts of the archipelago. In other words, the Nacionalista machine resembles an English party machine, which decides in London who shall be selected as its candidates to represent districts far from that centre of government, with the result that many of them are really Londoners, although maintaining political residence in the constituency they represent in Parliament. As a result of the operation of the Jones Bill, which became a law in 1916, about all that is now left of American government in the Philippines is the Governor-General, the Vice-Governor-General, the Auditor and the Vice-Auditor, but they control the Treasury, and the Governor retains a salutary veto power. Everything else has been turned over to the Filipinos, which means in plain political English that the Nacionalista

party, from its headquarters at the club of that name, runs everything as neatly and smoothly as the Boss of Tammany Hall runs his similarly close corporation. And Mr. Osmeña, or his successor in the presidency of the Nacionalista political group of Spanish blood, will continue to be the boss of the Filipinos.

And what has happened in those islands since that measure of self-government has been given to the natives and taken over by the Nacionalistas? Everything has gradually dropped off in efficiency. Before we went there it was a land of no roads and no postoffices. We built fine roads and installed an excellent postal service. Now the once splendid automobile roads around Manila have lost their surface and are showing signs of wear, and the postal service is being severely criticized. Almost all the American schoolteachers have been dismissed, so that English is now being taught to the children by Filipinos who speak it imperfectly. The police force and fire department we created in Manila became remarkably efficient under their American leaders, but with those leaders gone both forces have deteriorated, and unpleasant stories of graft are current. Manila Harbor is an important one, and is visited by many ships. Under American management the business of this port was

promptly handled. We anchored just outside the breakwater at 7:45 a. m., on a perfect day, and no other ship was waiting ahead of us to delay the operations of the Filipino officials, and yet it was not until two hours and five minutes later that delays between perfunctory official visitations permitted us to up-anchor and steam inside. At no other Pacific port did we encounter such dilatory officialism.

Mr. Quezon and Mr. Osmena, at the luncheon just described, made eloquent speeches in Spanish of the type familiar to those who have lived in Latin-American republics. They agreed that their party was unequivocally committed to complete independence, that there was no danger of Japanese interference therewith after our withdrawal, and that although they would like the friendly support of America in the future, even without it they were willing to take their chances. Mr. Quezon said that all Filipinos believed that Americans had become so interested in the Philippines that even after withdrawal their support could always be counted on if necessary. In my brief remarks I ventured to reply that the war just concluded had afforded a striking demonstration of the superiority of *interdependence* as illustrated by Australia, Canada, India and Great Britain, over the independence

of Belgium and Greece. Also it seemed my duty to point out that, contrary to the general belief held by Spanish-speaking peoples, the Americans are really as proud as any other people, and that therefore, if upon the intimation that our room was better than our company, and, at the express wish of the Filipinos, we hauled down the Stars and Stripes in their archipelago, American pride would prevent its going there again, even to protect the islands from a control less agreeable than ours. Strange to say, this point of view seemed never to have struck them, for they showed their surprise in no uncertain manner, and later Mr. Quezon and several others stated they had never heard it before. Another American present, and one who is in complete accord with a policy of American withdrawal, confirmed my statement, which still further surprised them. As I looked about upon the serious, intelligent faces of this group that control their nation's destiny, it was impossible to refrain from wondering if they would be the men of whom later generations would say "we enjoyed, but they discarded, the close friendship of one of the world's greatest powers! Why didn't they follow the example of Canada and Australia and prefer the secure benefits of interdependence

with that great power to the dangers of independence?"

Well, suppose we are unwilling to turn loose the Filipino lamb unprotected in the forest, and further suppose that we, in manly fashion, admit we would like to retire to our own continent, what can fairly be suggested by a practical man living in the twentieth century, who prefers an honest plan that will work to sentimental make-shifts that only breed trouble? The Japanese are now a great factor in this problem, and it seems to me that they like frankness on the part of foreigners, especially if first convinced they speak with friendly intent, and for this reason I made bold to express the following views at a luncheon of Japanese given in Tokyo during Christmas week of 1919:

"The hope of better and lasting relations between our two countries, so pregnant with valuable results for both of us, depends upon some safe and sure arrangement for the future of the Philippine Islands, to which, when they are ready for it, we have promised independence. If and when we move out, it seems to many of us that it would not be long before Expansionists among you would precipitate some move inevitably leading to your moving in. If that were done, it would take more than one generation to over-

come the increased estrangement that such action would create between you and us who have worked so hard for the Filipinos. Please don't understand me as one of those international busybodies who oppose territorial expansion by Japan. I believe that President Roosevelt was right when he led in recognizing your annexation of Korea, and, like most Americans, I was glad you defeated Russia and ousted her from Manchuria. May I venture to think that the increase in your Siberian forces points to a possible permanence of your power in that chaos of government, that anarchy-distracted region? So clearly has Russia recently demonstrated for us all the danger in making the world too free for democracy, that to-day it is doubtful if your substituting government for anarchy in Eastern Siberia next your own possessions would meet with serious opposition abroad. But why not seize this opportunity to readjust your relations with America, whose friendship is, perhaps, of some value? Expand, if you like, but not in the direction that arouses suspicion in America, proud of her 'labor of love' in modernizing the Philippines. Do you gentlemen realize that in taking the Caroline and Marshall islands in accordance with your secret agreements of 1917 with Great Britain, France, Italy and Russia

(but not with the United States, more concerned than any of them), you have cut our line of communications to the Philippines?—that this action is a geographical threat against the future independence of the Philippines because obviously embracing them within your sphere of influence, and that, therefore, your taking of the Carolines and the Marshalls arms anti-Japanese critics with an opportunity to inject their virus into the Philippine independence question? Are those German islands worth this to you? Wouldn't you rather have Eastern Siberia plus American friendship, plus the business cooperation of limitless American capital? We don't want the Carolines and Marshalls, but if you relinquish them to international control or to Australia (an Anglo-Saxon power) it would wipe out at one stroke a cause of grave disquiet to those who, like myself, are vastly more interested in Japanese-American friendship than they are in the Philippine question. After such a forward-looking move on your part, you, Australia and ourselves could enter into such a three-cornered guarantee of Philippine independence as would more surely safeguard the future peace of the Pacific than any other one act."

If Japan should decide to relinquish to Australia, our Anglo-Saxon cousin, the Caroline

and Marshall islands, and thereafter Japan, Australia and the United States should unite in jointly guaranteeing Philippine independence, a safe solution could be found of that difficult problem, which, if left unsolved (as it would be if the Filipinos were granted an unprotected independence), would always endanger Japan-America friendship. There is no doubt that such a friendship lies at the very root of peace in the Pacific.

There is yet another business-like solution of the Philippine difficulty, which, when launched by me December 30, 1915, during a speech before the American Society of International Law and three affiliated societies, elicited more than one hundred favorable editorial comments in newspapers of all shades of political thought. That plan was for an exchange of those distant islands by us for the European possessions in and around the Caribbean Sea. Though the Philippines are far from us, they are administratively adjacent to the British in Hong Kong or the French in Tonkin or the Dutch in Borneo. It is essential to the security of our future that the waters washing our southern coastline become a Pan-American lake, entirely freed from European politics, or the conflicting interests of those peoples living across the Atlantic. Not necessarily an Amer-

ican lake, as some writers now insist, but one whose interests are entirely controlled by ourselves and our sister republics to the south of us. Neither they nor we should risk any future European conflicts being staged so unpleasantly near our shores as would have been the case if, for instance, the naval battle of the Falkland Isles had taken place off British Honduras, so near to our Panama Canal.

Since my suggestion was made, our Government has most wisely purchased the Danish West Indian Islands, so that the only powers now left to deal with are England, France and Holland. England owns most of the islands in those waters and also British Honduras and British Guiana. None of those possessions are profitable ones, and the results of her colonial policy in her Guiana and Honduras holdings are in unpleasant contrast with the uniform successes of that policy in other parts of the world. In 1895, British Guiana would have precipitated a rupture of our friendship with Great Britain had not President Cleveland handled the situation so admirably. French Guiana is chiefly known for its penal settlements, in one of which Dreyfus unjustly languished so long. The French have brought many Siamese and Chinese coolies into that colony, just as the Hollanders have intro-

duced 15,000 Javanese into her Guiana, both of them following England's example, for she transported to British Guiana over 125,000 East Indian coolies. Does such admixture of tropical Orientals of the lowest classes improve the manhood or civilization of those colonies? or was it done for any other purpose than to exploit them for their European owners? Isn't such action an affront to the fundamentals of Pan-Americanism? It certainly is in flat contradiction to the ethnological policy of Argentina and the United States, and for that matter, of both Canada and Australia as well. How many miles of railroad have these European masters built to develop the Guianas, a combined territory of more than 171,000 square miles, or about the size of Alabama, Georgia and Florida put together? There are less than 200 miles in all the three colonies (none at all in French Guiana), which compares unfavorably with Venezuela's 600 miles or Colombia's 700 miles. British Honduras has less than one-tenth the railway mileage of her neighbor, Honduras. The school systems in the three Guianas are either far below the average of the neighboring Latin-American republics, or do not exist at all. Venezuela, next door, has over 1,700 schools, while Colombia, next beyond to the west, has over 5,000, and both of them possess ancient

universities. Neither the Dutch islands of the Caribbean nor the French ones are proving profitable colonies, for the home governments are constantly required to meet large deficits in their administration. It would be better for the peoples of all those European possessions if they were released from their present allegiance. It would free us from any more dangers to our European friendships, like the British Guiana incident of 1895, and it would, by our payment for their release, reduce the staggering war debt now owed us by England and France, and help Holland to meet the heavy expense incurred by the long-continued mobilization of her army from 1914 till 1919. It would, therefore, benefit all concerned in or affected by the transaction, and now is the psychological moment to arrange it, when Europe owes us the money, and it would be merely a matter of book-keeping to adjust it. Probably the enactment of the Jones Law, with its recital of a promised independence, has so far committed our country to that policy as to preclude our trading the Philippine Islands to Holland, France and England for their Caribbean possessions. But whether or not a trade of the Philippines be involved, and even if it must be done by plain outright purchase, the Caribbean Sea ought now and without delay to be turned

into a Pan-American lake, by freeing the Guianas and British Honduras from European domination, and by hoisting the American flag over the European-owned islands of that sea.

To ensure peace and progress in the Pacific, a firm friendship and cooperation should and must be established between Japan and ourselves, and to accomplish this end there is necessary the removal of that stumbling block, the Philippine problem. For this reason it seems best to take the more direct of the two business-like routes to that desirable end by refraining from opposition to Japan's expansion northwesterly (which, indeed, is none of our business!) if she will withdraw from her southeasterly development by transferring the Caroline and Marshall islands to international control or Australia, and then, with this geographical threat to peace removed, all three of us, Japan, Australia and the United States, unite in guaranteeing independence to the Filipino. That ought to satisfy all four parties concerned, assure peace in the Pacific, progress for American trade in cooperation with Japan, and add another star of altruistic achievement to the American escutcheon.

CHAPTER X

A JAPANESE POINT OF VIEW

IN the study of every question it is of the utmost importance to learn the points of view entertained by all sides, and especially of the extremists. To this end there was made a collection of clippings from Japanese newspapers during the last six months of 1919 in order to learn just what their strongest anti-American articles were saying. From this collection the following one has been selected for reproduction, because it seemed the most fully to present the anti-American case, and also because of the nation-wide importance of the newspaper in which it appeared—the Osaka *Mainichi*, which printed it November 12, 1919. Osaka is the centre of the modern productivity of its country, a beehive of industry. This journal is not only most influential in that progressive city, but also is widely read all over Japan, as I was informed by a Japanese coal-mine owner of Nagasaki (down on the island of Kyushu, in the southwest corner of the Empire), a literary man of Tokyo,

a leading ocean navigator, an exporter, etc. Read this, and learn what is nowadays being said of us in Japan—let us follow Bobbie Burns' advice and "see oursels as ithers see us."

"While the important and urgent question of promoting and perpetuating the harmony of humanity and the peace of the world is receiving careful attention, it is regrettable to note that Japanese-American relations have been growing in gravity, especially because the tension is being intensified by the racial hatred and the anti-Japanese schemes of the Americans.

"One cannot forget that Japanese-American relations were once so harmonious that much was said about it. When we remember those good days, it is impossible not to feel as if we lost a precious stone or to have the same feeling as parents who lost a child of unusual promise. The present straining of relations between Japan and America is partly due to the excess of prosperity in both countries; it seems as if the prosperity of one country is too great to be curbed within its borders, and is going to get into collision with the prosperity of another country. The situation is not tempered by fellow-feeling nor by self-control; on the contrary, hatred and contempt are predominant. We have always faced America with friendly moderation and self-control, but

the Americans have always treated us with arrogance, coercion, hatred and contempt. Unless we agree to sit at their feet, they apparently intend to exclude us entirely, and to reduce us to a position where we shall no more be able to protest against inhumanity and injustice than beasts are. In spite of their indignation the Japanese will patiently protest against the American attitude, and while preserving self-control on their own part they earnestly hope that the Americans will reconsider their attitude and return to the path of reason and equity for the sake of humanity's happiness and the world's peace.

"History shows, however, that America's attitude toward Japan has been aggressive, insulting and coercive throughout. (1) When Commodore Perry visited Japan, we benevolently interpreted his visit as an attempt to open our door to the world. But the fact that there were no serious developments between the two countries was due to a change of administration, the policy of the new President being different from that of his predecessor. The total intention of Perry's fleet was to threaten us and to take the Okinawa islands by force in order to coerce this country if we did not obey his orders.

"(2) America assisted the independence plot in Hawaii, and used it to realize the annexation

of the islands by America. It may be said that this action on the part of America embodied the spirit in which America threatened to take the Okinawa Islands.

“(3) In obtaining Guam and the Philippines in the American-Spanish War, America secured another stepping-stone for development in the Pacific and also laid the foundation of her activities in China. On the other hand, this state of affairs was calculated to obstruct the southern development of Japan and to impair her relations with China; in other words, to hinder Japan's activities on the east, west and south. At that time Japanese-American relations were not so strained as yet. Moreover, the Gentleman's Agreement and the Pacific Agreement have served to some extent as palliatives.

“(4) Since the school-children's question arose in California, however, America has openly projected various anti-Japanese plans.

“(5) When subsequently the Californian Legislature proposed to undermine the foundations of Japanese development in California by enacting a new land law, the Japanese could but rise in indignation, and at that time Japanese-American diplomacy assumed a profound significance. The spirit of friendship toward America, however, kept the Japanese from making up their

minds to take drastic action. While the issue was left undecided, California actually attained her object, though the question was nominally left pending. The Americans are elated, but every Japanese is indignant at a procedure which ignored the Constitutions of California and of the United States, set at naught treaty obligations and trampled under foot the laws of humanity.

“America took further steps to oppress Japan. America has tried (6) to alienate China from Japan in connection with the question of China’s participation in the European war; (7) to oust Japan from investments in China and to obtain capitalistic control of China; (8) to harass Japan at the Peace Conference, to prevent Japan from possessing the former German islands in the South Pacific by proposing mandatory rule and to violate the Sino-Japanese Agreement and Japan’s understanding with Great Britain and France regarding the disposal of Shantung; (9) to restrain Japan’s movements with regard to the despatch of troops to Siberia or to estrange the relations between Japan and Russia; (10) to threaten Japan by greatly increasing the strength of the Pacific squadron; and (11) to assist the independence agitation in Korea, and (12) the anti-Japanese boycott in China; (13) America has abused and insulted Japan in the

course of debate on the Peace Treaty with Germany; (14) with regard to the International Labor Conference, Mr. Sherman made remarks exceedingly insulting to Japan: it seems as if America desires to arouse Japan's indignation in order to make war; (15) in the meantime a new immigration bill has often been proposed in the Federal Legislature for anti-Japanese purposes, while (16) the anti-Japanese Californians are striving fundamentally to exclude Japanese."

The Osaka *Mainichi* next describes the recent measures proposed in California, and then continues:

"The anti-Japanese campaign of America is not confined to California or to the Republicans and Progressivists alone; it seems that the movement is supported throughout the country and even by the Democrats. It is no wonder that some Senator who opposed the Shantung amendment said, in explaining his reason for the opposition, that Japan's development in Shantung was preferable to that in America.

"We must be indignant at the attitude of the Americans in antagonizing us and treating us as barbarians. Their actions are at variance with the Japanese - American Treaty of Commerce and Navigation, and contrary to the spirit of the League of Nations. They apparently intend to

subject us to discriminative and insulting treatment, placing us below the inferior peoples of South Europe and the negroes. For this purpose the Americans apparently do not hesitate to destroy the principle of justice and humanity and to violate the code of amity and friendship. The question at stake is not solely the undermining of the Japanese interests fostered by many years of labor in America. How are the Japanese in America going to save the situation? How will the Japanese Government have America reflect on her doings and desist from doing injustice?

“The situation is taking a serious turn. If the limits of the moderation, self-control and patience of the Japanese are reached, it may lead to irrevocable consequences. The Americans do well to remember the Japanese saying: ‘The cornered mouse bites the cat’; especially because America is not to Japan what a cat is to a mouse driven to a corner from which there is no escape; rather the relations of the two countries resemble those of two tigers face to face with each other. Moreover, the fault is the injustice of America. The only way to avoid a possible calamity is for America to reflect on her doings and rectify her attitude.”

This clipping was shown to several Japanese individuals of different types, and though all

politely deprecated the publication of such an article, each agreed with at least one and generally several of the counts in the sweeping indictment. Every American reader will realize that not all these counts are true, but the point is that many or most of them are believed to-day by Japanese readers, who are encouraged so to think by many newspapers, not only of the "yellow press" variety, but also by serious ones with large followings, like the *Mainichi*. Of course, many of these articles are privately fathered by military politicians, seeking to stir up public feeling so that their Parliament will pass large army and navy appropriations, just as the Kaiser used to "rattle the sabre" when desirous of increasing his army or navy. Furthermore, Japanese militarists must feel that they are beginning to lose ground with the people, prosperous and generally desirous that prosperity continue uninterrupted. As the Irishman remarked of the man in the treadmill, the militarists are running as fast as they can to keep from going backward! By thus stirring up feeling against foreigners, they hope to convince readers that increasing the strength of an army and navy is a necessity and not a luxury.

But even after taking these facts into consideration and making due allowance therefor,

there remains one great fact underlying all the others—the widespread irritation in Japan against our attitude toward them, as they interpret it.

Unfortunately, they are looking at us from a distance through a telescope whose nearest lens is obscured by the words "California Legislature." They live in a closely knit empire where no local legislatures can embarrass the policies of the Foreign Office at Tokyo. They cannot grasp our system of sovereign states, any more than can certain of our state legislatures, impatient of national moves (or delays) originating in Washington. Our system suits our people fairly well or they would change it, and although it sometimes handicaps our State Department, handicaps don't necessarily defeat a good runner. The reading of this *Mainichi* article tempts one to answer it, section by section, and the reader is advised to yield to this temptation. The more that thinking Americans consider other folk's thoughts about our policies, and seek answers to their criticisms of us, the sooner will we have a large body of citizens qualified to lead public opinion in demanding sensible foreign policies.

CHAPTER XI

THE FIVE STRIPES OF CHINA'S FLAG

THE flag of the Chinese Republic consists of five horizontal stripes, red, yellow, blue, white and black. Among the Chinese and Japanese these five hues are considered to comprise all the colors of the rainbow, for in the one which the Chinese call "ching" is included blue, green, purple, and all their shades. The so-called "five-colored" porcelain of ancient China, thus interpreted, therefore, means that the artist used all his palette in its coloring. These five stripes on the Chinese flag represent its different peoples, the red one standing for those of the original eighteen provinces of China, the yellow for the Manchus, the blue (or, more properly, the "ching") for the Mongolians, the white for the Thibetans, and the black for folk of Chinese Turkestan.

In substituting this new national emblem for the old flag of the Chinese Empire which displayed a great dragon with hungry jaws, the Chinese Republic seems to an onlooker unwitting-

tingly to admit that the days of the swallowing dragon are over, and have been succeeded by a division of their land into strips, symbolizing the swallowing by five foreign powers, England, France, Russia, Germany and Japan. The new banner reminds us that the time is past for academic discussion of the future partitioning of China—it is *already* broken up either into “spheres of influence” or else into outright partitions. If anyone questions this, will he kindly point out any considerable block of Chinese territory which has not already been seized by outsiders, or marked out as “a sphere of influence,” or tabbed by some one Power with its tabu sign notifying all others to keep their hands off! Where is there a province of China without a foreign garrison, or which she could alienate to any foreign power without promptly eliciting a protest from one or more of the other international bandits? The United States, alone of all the great Powers, has not taken a hand in slicing up the Chinese cake. We have grabbed no piece of broken China. We alone have torn no strip off the Chinese flag. The real slicing of the cake began way back in 1842, when, after winning a comic opera war against China, England seized Hongkong (now her great naval base in the Far East) forced the opening of

five Chinese ports, obtained the right to trade generally, and to establish Consulates. Right here, at the beginning of the game of grab, the United States Government put itself on record by officially announcing to the Chinese Government through Caleb Cushing that "we do not desire any portion of the territory of China, nor any terms or conditions whatever which shall be otherwise than just and honorable to China as well as to the United States." And to this proposition we have consistently and honestly adhered. And yet how many Americans know that all through the war we kept a whole regiment (the 15th Infantry) at Tientsin, and that it is there to-day? In 1845 the British took Shanghai and also Kowloon, across the harbor from Hongkong. In 1858 to 1860 Russia set the fashion for large scale plundering by helping herself to all the land north of the Amur and east of the Ussuri rivers, a million square miles with six hundred miles of coast line. In 1885 and 1886, France, after brief and inglorious hostilities, took her great Tonkin territory in the south. The wars by which England obtained Hongkong and France Tonkin remind one of the story of the bruised and bleeding darky who when lifted out of the ambulance upon arrival at the hospital was asked if he had

been in a fight. "No, sah," replied he, "I'se been attending a massacre!" These two wars were very little ones, with even less glory; the loot, however, was excellent. In 1890, after General Graham's army had invaded and subdued Thibet, that portion of ancient China yielded herself by treaty to England's advance, which was broadened and confirmed by their trade treaty of 1893.

The really exhilarating scramble for Chinese territory took place from 1895 to 1898. In the former year France, by treaties with China (and Siam in 1883) extended her former holdings in those parts by a territory half again as large as France herself, with a population of 22,000,000. She now rules a total of 80,000,000 Chinese. In that same year Japan, after a short war with China, in which her losses were negligible, demanded Formosa, the Pescadores islands and the great Liao-Tung peninsula of South Manchuria. It was just at this point that an element of humor crept into the tragedy of China's spoliation. Learning of Japan's demands, Russia, Germany and France united in a joint note to Japan declaring that it would menace international peace if Japan received her South Manchurian demands. Of course, Japan had to submit, only to see Wei-hai-wei taken by

England, and a little later what she had asked in South Manchuria (and more too!) by Russia, but oddly enough, without injury to the same international peace concerning which the European Powers had been so solicitous. Amusing, wasn't it!—but what about Japan's point of view?—it was not long before Russia was to be rudely enlightened thereon! But before discussing Japan's unexpected jolt to Russia let us get on with the tearing of China into strips. In 1896 France and England made notable advances in the southern provinces of Yunnan and Szechuen respectively. 1897 and 1898 were banner years for European looters, for it was during the former that England got more land on the north Burma frontier, France (in March) served her “non-alienation” or “hands off” notice regarding the large island province of Hainan, while in November, thanks to the murder of two German missionaries in Shantung, Germany obtained her excuse for seizing Kiaochao Bay together with much hinterland, since become famous under its province name of Shantung. (The Japanese believe that Shantung was Germany's pay for her part in forcing Japan's retrocession of the Liao-Tung peninsula!) Whereupon Russia, “in compensation for” what Germany had just obtained, demanded Port Arthur! That phrase

“in compensation for” is really delightfully comic, if you only stop to think of it. One thief steals your purse, so another thief clearly has the right, “in compensation for” what the other has stolen, to receive your watch! Really, there is a great deal of innocent amusement to be derived from watching the moves in the strangulation of China, assuming, of course, that the observer be not Chinese! February 11th, 1898, England served a “non-alienation to other powers” notice regarding the entire valley of the Yangtse Kiang river—the heart of China and commercially its most valuable section. On April 10, 1898 (the day after Germany seized Kiaochao), France claimed and took the whole Bay of Kwang-chow upon the same terms as Germany got Kiaochao, and furthermore she followed England’s lead by serving one of the all-too-familiar “non-alienation to other powers” notices concerning all Chinese territory lying south of that covered by England’s similar notice of February 11th blanketing the Yangtse Valley, and especially protecting the provinces just north of her Tonkin. April 26th, Japan did the same regarding the province of Fukien, because, forsooth! it was that part of the mainland which fronted her island of Formosa, 90 miles away across the sea. Observe, please, that there is

honor among thieves. Next the "in compensation for" joke was sprung once more, of course, with the usual success, when England, "in compensation for" Russia's "lease" (another humorous touch) of Port Arthur insisted upon having her "lease" of Wei-hei-wai extended so as to be coterminous with that of the Russians across the way at Port Arthur. And now for the only surprise in the whole entertainment, the one and only grab that did not succeed,—Italy demanded Sanmen Bay on the Chekiang Coast, and was refused! It seems incredible that Italy should not be allowed to thrust her hand into the international grab-bag, but evidently, whilst five (England, France, Russia, Germany and Japan) "was company, six was a crowd," to paraphrase the old saying. The Portuguese colony of Macao known only for fantan gambling and opium manufacture is too unimportant for inclusion in this more illustrious syndicate. In passing, it is interesting to note that all this 1898 grabbing went on while the United States was occupied with the Spanish war! 1900 will long be remembered as the year of the Boxer outbreak in China, the march of the six allied military commands to the relief of their Legations in Peking, the three hundred million tael indemnity demanded by the allied powers, the definite oc-

cupation of South Manchuria by the Russians, and the then meaningless punitive devastations of the German troops under definite orders from the Kaiser to revive and recall the savagery of their ancestors the Huns. Little did the world then understand the true modern meaning of the word Hun, now deeply graven on the tombstone of Germany's hopes! We Americans may properly take pride in recalling that we alone returned to China our share of the indemnity paid us (\$20,000,000). In 1905, as a result of Japan's notable victory over Russia, she replaced that power in South Manchuria, and subsequently in her claims over Eastern Inner Mongolia. The mills of the gods ground slowly, but thus after ten years' wait Japan had her revenge for Russia's interference in her spoils of the 1895 victory over China. During all the fifteen years following 1895 Japan, always competing with Russia, had been tightening her hold upon Korea, until at last, August 29, 1910, she cast off all diplomatic paraphrase and camouflage, deposed the Korean emperor and formally annexed his country. November 3, 1912, after Outer Mongolia had revolted from Chinese sovereignty, the revolt was formally approved by Russia (who doubtless in no wise encouraged or assisted therein!) but this document was nothing

more or less than a declaration of that province passing into a Russian "sphere of influence," which China, by her treaty with Russia of November 5, 1913, duly recognized. August 15th, 1914, Japan delivered her ultimatum to Germany to surrender to her before September 15th, all her Shantung holdings "with a view to the eventual restoration of the same to China." The date of that eventuality has not yet been set. January 18, 1915, Japan presented her 21 demands upon China, which, after fruitless remonstrance, were accepted May 8th, but with formal announcement by China that it was done under duress. This unwise move of Japan's is now condemned by many intelligent Japanese, among others K. K. Kawakami, their able protagonist, who resides in San Francisco, and publishes his writings in English.

There are other chapters in this grim despoiling of China, but the foregoing is tragedy enough for the average fair-minded onlooker. Taken altogether, it affords a strange picture of the systematic dismemberment of a great Oriental people as taught by four Christian nations of Europe, and learned by one Oriental pupil, copying its Occidental teachers before it be too late and white races occupy too much nearby territory, thereby endangering her seclusive safety.

The last act in the drama was the reduction of the five spoliators of China to four, by the substitution of Japan for Germany in Shantung. What will be the final outcome? Will the spoliators drop out one by one as Germany did, leaving in turn their spoiliations to the survivors?

This breaking-up of China was materially aided by the marked differences existing between the types of Chinese inhabiting the various provinces. Then, too, the lamentable lack of roads or any other form of intercommunication except waterways facilitated piecemeal spoliation. Even close to so great a centre as Canton, the only roads are footpaths running along the top of dikes separating the paddy fields. Although in some other sections rude carts are possible, the narrowness of the average road has caused large wheelbarrows (sometimes assisted by a sail) generally to supersede the cart. Up in the north, in the loess geological formation (provinces of Chihli, Shantung, Honan, Shansi and Shensi), the earth is so friable that the narrow roads are worn down further and further into the earth. In Shantung some of them are seventy feet below the surface of the ground; the effect of rain on such a road can be easily imagined—it certainly does not encourage travel even between neighboring villages. All this meant the gradual

development of widely differing customs and habits, as well as contrasting philosophies and psychologies. Within the confines of greater China may be found as marked racial and thought differentiations as those differentiating all the European countries from the North Sea and the Baltic down to the Mediterranean. In this sense one may consider the Gulf of Chihli or the ever-shifting Hoang-ho or Yellow River as China's Baltic, and the Yangtse Valley or the West River still farther south, as her Mediterranean. Even to-day, when the different sections of China are being connected by modern improvements in communications, South Chinamen differ from the northerners as greatly as do the Latin races of South Europe from its Teutonic peoples. Even far back in history these marked divergencies existed. Five centuries before the Christian era the idealism of the great Chinese sage Laotse differed widely from the prosaic ethics later known as Confucianism, which came out of Shantung in the north. The followers of the great northerner, Confucius, learned from his writings a benevolent communism, which contrasts sharply with the individualism so highly prized in South China. In art the south shows marked differences from the north. As early as the third century, A.D., painting flourished much

more in the south than in the north, where sculpture and architecture were more highly esteemed and therefore developed. In view of these and other dissimilarities, it is remarkable that such differing peoples as the Chinese of the various provinces could so long have held together, and inertia is perhaps the best explanation therefor. Nevertheless, these differences were all the time militating against any united resistance to the gradual breaking-up which land-grabbing by foreigners was accomplishing.

As affording a proof of Chinese national spirit, much has lately been said and written of China's boycott of Japanese goods, a movement in which Chinese college and high school students are especially active. Trade statistics indicate that it has proved much more effective in South China than in the central and northern sections. During October, 1919, Japanese exports to South China fell to 87,000 yen from the 1918 total (same month) of 611,000 yen. The Chinese newspapers naturally attempt to show that the boycott has seriously affected Japanese trade, but the *Osaka Asahi* points out that according to the monthly trade returns of the Finance Department, Japan's exports to China between January and August, 1919, increased by 191,000,000 yen over the same period of 1918, thus

averaging an increase of 23,900,000 per month. Other official statistics, made up in American money, report that the first ten days of August, 1919, show imports from China to Japan of \$3,886,500 as compared with \$2,293,500 for the same period in 1918, while Japanese exports to China for those same ten days in 1918 were \$3,-450,500, as against \$4,504,500 in 1919, divided as follows: to Central China, \$2,078,500; to North China, \$1,480,500; to Manchuria, \$904,500 and to South China only \$41,000. This shows that the boycott works in the south, but in the north, even though the people are nearer to distrusted Japan, it seems to have little effect in restricting Japanese trade expansion. The traveller in China sees and hears a great deal about the boycott, for the students are constantly parading the streets with music and banners, shouting imprecations against merchants suspected of selling Japanese goods. One large seven-story department store in Canton was so effectively boycotted that we saw almost no purchasers in it, and yet unprejudiced Americans living in the city said the boycott was entirely unjust, and that it had been "engineered" by rival merchants. After seeing a number of these parades, one rather gets the feeling that the whole movement is but a pettish outburst against a

stronger race by one whose childish behavior confesses its helplessness to employ more manly methods of national protest.

Some European writers contend that the Chinese are not capable of governing themselves? Is this true? Are the Chinese themselves qualified to develop good government? What answer to this question does one get from their history or from a visit to their country? The student of Chinese self-government finds unrolled before his eyes one long monotonous scroll recording misgovernment badly administered. Dishonesty at the top and dishonesty all the way down to the smallest official, plus an amazing inefficiency. During the days of the monarchy many foreign friends of China sighed for a republic, because the imperial officials were so notoriously inept and crooked. "Squeeze" prevailed everywhere, and an official position was valued according to the opportunity it gave for getting money "on the side." But all this unsavory state of affairs was going to be changed if and when a republic was set up. The monarchy fell, a republic was proclaimed, and the new day dawned! And what has the daylight of that new day revealed?—graft everywhere, just as before,—nothing changed but the identity of the grafters. The split between the north and

south of China exists and continues because of the ample opportunities it affords for graft. The matter of soldiers' pay necessitated by the strained relations between the two sections is worth considering. There are said to be 87,000 troops quartered in Canton alone. Of course, they are perfectly useless there, and a four days' observation of their appearance confirms one's conclusions in that regard, for in no other land could one see such an agglomeration of weedy old men and boys,—“all sorts and conditions of men.” But they are soldiers, which means soldiers' pay, which in turn means that somebody is making a nice profit on each and every one of them, so the more employed the more profit;—it is a wonder there are not more than 87,000 of them! One of their Major Generals is a comprador in a local bank, and our guide (who, when not guiding, runs a photograph shop, and is also manager of a plumbing establishment) employed his leisure hours as drill master with the rank of Major!

Times have changed little (and the people not at all!) since Lord Charles Beresford wrote in 1899 (“The Break Up of China”): “As the generals, like all authorities in China, only have a nominal salary, they make large profits or squeezes during their commands. In order

to report an instance, I questioned one of those in command when in Peking. He informed me that he commanded 10,000 men. I ascertained that all he actually commanded was 800. His method is common to China. He receives the money to pay and feed and clothe 10,000 men. If this army was to be inspected, he hires coolies at 200 cash ($5\frac{1}{2}$ d.) a day to appear on parade. This is well known to the inspecting officer, but he receives a *douceur* to report that he has inspected the army and has found it in perfect order." "With the exception of Yuan Shi Kai's army, all the armies above referred to (14) have little or no firing practice, and none of them have any organization whatever for transport. It seems incredible, but some of the soldiers are still practised in shooting with bows and arrows at a target. When at Peking I saw them practising in an open space near the Observatory. Hitting the target is a detail of minor importance; the real merit consists in the position or attitude of the bowman when discharging his shaft." "The Consul at Wuchow told me that during the late riots soldiers were armed with every sort of weapon—guns, rifles and blunderbusses. They also carried long brass horns and gongs and other instruments to make discordant noises. They patrolled the streets and

the outside of the town. Many were totally unarmed, and carried only a bird-cage and a fan, being known as soldiers by their military badge."

At Canton one gets an insight into the present status of Chinese naval affairs. The West River, in its reaches above Canton, is infested with pirates, and even the boats plying downstream to Hongkong (a seven hours' trip) have their decks patrolled by guards carrying rifles. Any decently efficient or self-respecting naval force would promptly have wiped out this anachronistic discredit to order and good government, but how do the Chinese treat the situation? Lying in the river, just off the Bund of Canton and convenient to the long rows of so-called "Flower Boats" (dives of every sort) are a number of river gunboats flying the Chinese naval flag. As a military force they deserve the name of "junk" even more than any of that craft floating by them, but even so they could stop this anachronistic river-piracy if they wished. Instead, they lie comfortably anchored alongside Canton. A few miles down the river at Whampoa (once a favorite anchorage for the famous American clipper ships) lie, and for two years have laid, three fine Chinese battle cruisers, sent down from the north to overawe this leading city of the south, the largest in population of any in

China. Naval pay goes on and the boats fly the Chinese flag, so that is all that is necessary. Is it any wonder that the Japanese won their 1895 war against China in jig-time and with small losses?

So much for China's possibilities in the manly art of self-defense, and now what about that fundamental pre-requisite for self-government—decency and honesty of the individual citizen? Some one has said that a nation gets a government it deserves, but no better. The filth of the average Chinaman is incredible. After one has walked through several of their villages, where dirty houses are thronged with unkempt children, dirty pigs and unwashed adults, or has visited a couple of those huddled up, never cleansed rabbit-warrens they call cities, he sighs for the neat and tidy houses of Japan, the land where even the poor coolie has his hot bath every day. How can decency get a fair start in a Chinese village or overcrowded city? Turning to the question of individual honesty, a traveller in China hears more about thieving, and reads more about it in the papers than anywhere else in the world. One's effects must always be kept locked up, in striking contrast to Japan, where hotel rooms may be safely left unlocked without fear of loss. Even in Hongkong, admirably gov-

erned and policed by the British as it is, shops are constantly being broken into by the Chinese, hats are snatched from passengers in jinrickshas, and counterfeit money, so common in China, is constantly passed on foreigners. I never saw any counterfeit money in Japan, but was caught twice within an hour after landing in China, and frequently thereafter. The *Hongkong Post* of December 18, 1919, summed up in a masterly editorial a general indictment against the Chinese for robbery, motor-car hold-ups, murder of gaol-keepers, etc. Villages are compactly built with no straggling houses, for fear of the numerous robbers constantly abroad in the land. Nor is thieving confined to the innumerable and omnipresent poor, for whom necessity might provide an excuse. The month before we visited Canton, the comprador of a local bank, who draws a modest salary, entertained at dinner over 4,000 guests! Of course, he didn't steal, he only "squeezed"! And yet many pro-Chinese American writers continue to say that Japanese banks employ Chinese compradors because they are so honest! This brings us to the crux of the business and political problem in China,—public opinion expects everybody in power to "squeeze", and nobody objects to it, for each hopes to be able later to take a hand in the game, even if not

already engaged therein. Of course, there are honest Chinamen, many of them, but public opinion countenances the "squeeze" system, and upon such a public opinion good government cannot be built. Foreign traders in Manchuria allege that this system of demanding "squeeze" by the Chinese officials is being employed by the Japanese to keep shut "the Open Door." They say that agents of the great Mitsui banking concern of Tokyo so meet this "squeeze" requirement in self-defense that Japanese business men, clients of this bank, are not delayed or mulcted as are foreigners not so equipped.

Perhaps the worst curse of China to-day is its craze for gambling. Everybody does it, and the consequence is that many who have means become beggared, and the poor stay poor. Some of that hard working class, the chair-porters of Canton and Hongkong, make as high as twenty dollars per month, which is much for such frugal-living folk, but it all goes into the gambling houses. And how is the new republic meeting this national evil that saps the nation's honesty even more than its wealth? For a while it was shut down, but about two years ago the gamblers were allowed to recommence operations, so that in cities like Canton gambling is now wide open. And who controlled the political situation in that

city when so vicious a revival of gambling was permitted—some survivor of the old imperial regime? Not at all; no less a progressive reformer than Dr. Sun Yat Sen, a prominent factor in establishing the republic.

When the Republic first came in, a determined stand was taken against the opium traffic, but laxity and worse by officials of the Republic has permitted a decided recrudescence in the trade, especially in the provinces of Shensi, Kiangsu (whose capital is Nanking) and Kwei-chow. It was not for nothing that the Chinese have long had their customs service under the financial supervision of a Britisher. The fair-minded traveller, even after a short stay in the Celestial Republic, can hardly reach any other conclusion than that government of the Chinese by the Chinese will always produce the same results it has produced in the past and is to-day producing,—inefficient government of the squeezed by the squeezers—that the future of China will be what the future of China always has been—only a little more of its present!

Lest the shortness of my stay in China made too hasty my conclusions as to Chinese character let them be checked up against public statements by Dr. Charles K. Edmunds, for sixteen years a teacher in that country, and by Dr. George E.

Vincent, President of the Rockefeller Foundation, who spent the summer of 1919 travelling all over the country from Mukden to Canton and from Shanghai to Changsha on behalf of the magnificent medical benefactions which Mr. Rockefeller's millions are there bestowing. Both Dr. Edmunds and Dr. Vincent are well known leaders of scientific thought and men of unusually clear vision, and both are enthusiastic as to China's future. But what do they say of its present? In Dr. Edmunds' "33,000 Miles in China" we find an amazing series of episodes showing the knavery and especially the thievery to which the traveller is exposed in a country of pre-medieval civilization and lack of communications. Says Dr. Vincent in a recently published article, "Chinese Progress in Medicine, Schools and Politics": "It must be owned that there are disconcerting features in present-day Chinese life. 'The Chinese lavishes so much loyalty on family, community, and province that he has none left for the nation', says a clever returned student at dinner. 'The country is practically sold out now; no wonder the Peking politicians are getting what they can,' declares another. 'Oh, we always absorb any invaders in the course of two or three centuries' is the philosophic dictum of a serene spectator of his

country's danger. In a company of intelligent, foreign-trained young Chinese, some of them minor Government officials, questions about the composition of the present legislative bodies, the qualifications of the electors, the number participating in the voting and the like, elicit amused replies or merely provoke gently ironic laughter. Certain things in China may well cause apprehension: the division between North and South, which are terms of political faith rather than of geography; large armies unpaid for months, living on the countryside and terrorizing towns and cities; bandits now and then committing depredations within a few miles of centres like Peking and Canton; a government vacillating between the demands of militarists and fear of popular uprisings; revenues needed for constructive national tasks diverted to the uses of clamorous generals or dissipated in administration inefficient or worse; the development of natural resources hindered by the lack of public order and security; internal discord and weakness inviting aggression from without."

He points out that "there are nearly two hundred and fifty hospitals almost exclusively for Chinese patients established and maintained by Protestant missionaries . . . various Catholic orders offer hospital service, generally in the

larger centres." Where would hygiene in China be if these foreign-maintained institutions were suppressed and only the few Chinese-conducted ones left? The situation would be even more appalling than it is now. One of the most important temples in the largest city in China (Canton) is devoted to the God of Medicine. It is thronged by devotees who upon a small payment are allowed to draw lots and receive the prescription bearing the number they draw, and this prescription they have filled and take! In a similar temple in Shanghai they paste a prayer on the portion of a sacred image which corresponds with the ache in the suppliant's anatomy. Please notice that these practices obtain in important and improved centres of Chinese civilization and not merely in some obscure and untutored mountain village. Dr. Vincent speaks of young Chinese doctors being "trained in the United States, Europe and Japan. In the last named country medical education of an excellent character is given in the best schools, such as that of the Imperial University of Tokyo." He is quite right, and the education of every kind which China is to-day getting from foreigners (and without which she would receive almost none!) is everywhere in Japan provided by the Japanese themselves, and that too of the most

modern type. I attended over half a dozen lectures at the University of Kyoto, in Political Economy, Administrative Law, advanced use of the X-ray, etc., and was amazed at the high standard of education there displayed, and the deep interest and careful attention of the students. Never have I heard a more reasoned lecture on English Literature than one there given by Dr. Kuriagawa on Keats' "Nightingale." A comparison between the foreign-given education of China and the home-made variety in Japan shows all the difference between national ineptitude and its extreme reverse.

Why should our country consider itself as especially called upon to act as protector of China against foreign aggression any more than of Egypt or Persia or the Balkans? And yet some of our statesmen would have us believe that it is our duty so to do, which means and will mean incessant friction with one or other of the five powers already possessing territory originally Chinese. Ought not our foreign policy in this regard to be clarified and made to square with the stay-at-home-and-mind-your-own-business dictum of our justly venerated Monroe Doctrine? Is it logical to support that Doctrine on the eastern side of the Pacific and infringe its principles on the western side? But

isn't there possible some middle-of-the-road plan between the discouraging inefficiency and corruption of a Chinese-run government and foreigners' tearing-up of her land into as many strips as her flag has stripes? The great loans (Millard says four hundred million dollars) which Japanese bankers have recently poured into China with studied carelessness as to their useful application shows that Chinese corruption must be headed off at the source of the stream. Loans to such officials should only be made under supervision of their expenditure, preferably by an international control. In this way no one country or group will be tempted territorially to foreclose on mortgages obtained for money wasted or stolen by Chinese officials. How this can be worked out it is difficult to say, but the best plan yet advanced is the foreign loan consortium now under negotiation, which essentially is but the logical outcome of Secretary Knox's admirable suggestion for the neutralization of the Manchurian railways, which, if it served no other purpose, at least proved the non-existence of the much touted Open Door in China. International control of the Chinese customs works admirably, and there is no reason to fear that if such a system were extended, the extension would not function equally well.

The whole Chinese problem has reached such an acute stage that it seems necessary either regretfully to admit that it is too late or impracticable to save their sovereignty for the Chinese or else to show our prompt willingness to take a definite and decided stand in the matter. America must "put up or shut up!" She must "put up" by contributing her share in money toward an international consortium which will so control all China's security for loans as to make impossible the control of any slice of her territorial sovereignty by an unscrupulous lender, be he an individual or a nation. Failing this willingness to "put up," America must "shut up," which is to say she must cease her "policy of pin-pricks,"—of criticizing what Japan or any other power is doing to push its commercial or other interests in China.

But whatever else we do or don't do, there is need for definite assurance by our government of backing to such of our business men as undertake proper ventures in China. Not long ago it was the fashion to abuse fair government support of its nationals abroad—the critics called it "dollar diplomacy"—but I for one earnestly believe that the American business man deserves support from home when his American dollar is invested abroad. A while ago this was

an academic question, but so great has grown our profit balance that now American capital must seek outlet abroad, and he who denies it proper protection is no true American. It was in just such a manly manner that the British Union Jack increased its prestige by protecting that of its commerce in foreign fields. Our progressive business men deserve as well of us as does the honest British trader of his own government, and it is a safe prediction that the American is going to get it.

As for the famous and frequently discussed Open Door in China, what of it? It has never existed, does not to-day exist, and never will exist except in such parts as are completely under the control of an international consortium. Instead of an Open Door, China possesses a series of Side Doors, or "Family Entrances," difficult to enter save by merchants belonging to the commercial family of the foreign power dominating that district. Japan has such a side door into Manchuria, and it would be more profitable to American commerce to enjoy such a 50-50 admission to that side-door as financial collaboration with Japanese would offer, than a really Open Door could afford.

It is not too late to keep China's flag intact, but it can only be done by a definite international

act, something similar to the foreign loan consortium now under consideration. A sense of fairness to China demands that something be done, and done quickly, or it is too late, and China partitioned beyond remedy!

CHAPTER XII

AND WHAT OF AUSTRALIA?

AFTER some months' study of the international balance around the Pacific Ocean the conviction becomes irresistible that the war's readjustments have been almost as radical there as in Europe. In no particular has this change of condition been evidenced more strikingly than by Australia's new position and influence within the British Empire, a change that is due chiefly to her splendid part in the war, but also in some measure to the North Sea being cleared of the German Navy, and therefore no longer necessitating a protective concentration there of British naval forces. Australasia, and also Canada, will have vastly more weight than ever before in British Imperial Councils, especially in the disposition of their naval forces in the Pacific, but it will be Australia that will both lead and have the final say upon its policy. A study of this new international "outlook" is most interesting for the United States, if for no other reason because it

touches our relations with Japan, and an improved understanding between that Empire and our Republic is of the first importance not only for both of us but also for the peace of all the vast Pacific region. Besides, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the Pacific question is the next great one to come before the nations. In 1852 that far-seeing Secretary of State, William H. Seward, said: "The Pacific Ocean, its shores, its islands, and the vast regions beyond will become the chief theatre of events in the world's great Hereafter." We sometimes forget that its mighty expanse covers one quarter of the whole globe, and that it contains one half of the globe's entire water surface—its problems are certainly no small ones.

A better understanding of the significance of post-war Australia and New Zealand will help us to find our way to more comfortable relations with the Japanese, for it will reveal how materially the solution of the old Pacific problem has been advanced by the world war. It would be a grim revenge upon that arch disturber of international peace, the Hun, if the hideous world calamity precipitated by his arrogant ambition can be shown to have effected an automatic elimination of war-provoking possibilities around the Pacific. Fancy the Hun involuntarily assuring

peace to the Pacific!—a most useful revenge indeed for both Americans and Japanese!

One cannot travel extensively in those waters without becoming impressed by this striking change from pre-war to present conditions, and chiefly as exemplified by the new light in which Australia appears before the whole world, and especially should to us Americans. The resolute position maintained at Versailles by her Prime Minister, Hughes, typified the new Power which has arisen under the Southern Cross—a Power which, after demonstrating military efficiency to a surprising degree, knew definitely both what it needed, and what it must prevent, and set an example both to us and the Japanese of honest frankness and sturdy persistence.

For the past five years America's eyes—mental as well as physical—have been turned eastward so steadily as temporarily to lose sight of Pacific Ocean affairs. Now that the war has ended, leaving us honorably free again to consider our own interests, we are beginning to realize how materially the struggle in Europe has readjusted the international status around about that vast body of water. But how have these changes smoothed away certain dangerous tendencies which were there beginning to menace that peace for which we long, and for which we

willingly fought with all our might? In the first place, Russia, as an ever-advancing and increasingly dangerous autocracy, has disappeared from the problem. As for Germany, what a change! In 1914 the Kaiser, still uncurbed, was absorbing South Sea Islands and exploiting their copra possibilities, preliminary to his next great move of swallowing Holland so as to acquire not only her North Sea harbors, but also her priceless East Indian islands with their 50,000,000 inhabitants and natural riches which, even under easy-going Dutch colonial methods, were yielding fortune after fortune. So much were the rest of us engaged in discussing the Alsace-Lorraine question, the Balkan, and all those other dear old European problems (without which sundry magazine writers would have starved, and Foreign Office clerks of many capitals lost employment!) that we had forgotten all about that great world prize, the Dutch islands of Java, Sumatra, etc., whose seizure Treitschke was openly advocating. But Australia hadn't! The change from the Kaiser in 1914 to his standing in 1919 shows a transformation difficult for anyone but Napoleon Bonaparte to realize!

To grasp how completely the World War has readjusted the Pacific Ocean problem, let us finish this review of its pre-war status. The

great factors then, were, of course, the imperial governments of Russia, Germany, Japan and England, the royal one of Holland, and three republics, France, China and ourselves. In this connection, perhaps it is timely to remark that there are folk who plausibly maintain that England is more of a republic than is ours, possessing, as she does, far more checks on executive personal power, and a more promptly responsive form of representative government. But the most important feature to be noticed in this pre-war picture is that of Australia's standing within the British Empire, at least as it seemed to friendly outsiders. Wasn't it fair to assume that when Australians refused to permit the landing of Hindoo citizens of British India, she caused concern in Downing Street, that centre from which pumps out and to which returns the empire's heart-blood that colors the Union Jack? Wasn't even more concern superinduced there by Australia's coolness toward the Anglo-Japanese alliance then so popular in London? Nor did Canada differ in her embarrassing stand upon Japanese immigration from the views of Australia, which, by the way, agreed completely with those of our westernmost states.

What I am trying to accentuate is that before the war many friendly outsiders could not help

noting that the Japanese immigration policy of Australia and Canada, so like that of California, differed materially from the views of Englishmen in London dispassionately considering a distant theory, and not a next-door condition. What was going to result within the Empire from that pregnant difference of policy? Australia, then the jingo of the British household, was certainly causing worry to her steadier old world cousins at home who, honorably following British traditions of desiring peace throughout the earth were, therefore, responsible for a courteous consideration of the Japanese point of view. Australia, of course, was loyally British to the core, but upon certain questions of imperial foreign policy it was clear that she had nothing like the complete approval and backing of the Empire that she commands to-day, thanks to her magnificent response to the homeland's need in the war, and also to the readjustment of matters international in her neighborhood.

So much for Australia and Canada before the war, and now for one other important detail to complete our pre-war picture. The United States then had an efficient navy, but our army was so small and so lacking in plans for expansion, that other nations disregarded it in their calculations. Furthermore, most other nations

(including the Germans!) credited us with such lust for commercial gain as completely to write off our ability, even if urgent need arose, to raise a modern army, with all that means in numbers, technical training and equipment. Some even said we were too money-mad to fight. Thank God, our America of to-day is once more the America of our heroic forefathers!

To recapitulate,—before the war the Pacific Ocean was surrounded by four imperial governments (Russia, Germany, Japan and England), one royal one (Holland) and three republics. China and the United States were generally considered hopelessly and anæmically pacific, and Holland equally negligible as an international power. Australia and Western Canada were mere colonial outposts of the British Empire, both sidestepping the Empire's policy toward Hindoos and Japanese. So much for what used to be true, only a very few (but hideous!) years ago. Then came the war, focussing the brain power of the nations upon the Military Monster of Central Europe.

But now, turning our eyes away from the bloody battlefields of Europe, and looking westward again across that vast stretch of water which, during a ghastly half decade, especially merited its name of Pacific, what do we see?—

nothing more striking and significant than the sturdy Anglo-Saxon island power of the South Seas, at last come to its own!

Gone from the picture entirely is Germany, leaving behind her, in many a coral island formerly an earthly paradise, the ugly stain of her brutal exploitation of the tractable aborigines. Do you know about the copra trade, something which touches the Australasian islands very closely? That brilliant writer of honest spirit, Charles Edward Russell, has recently described in "After the Whirlwind" how Germany, realizing the growing world need for vegetable fats, and also the hitherto undeveloped possibilities of the South Sea Islands for copra (the oil-producing rind of the dried cocoanut), deliberately dragooned island labor by commanding her islanders to long terms at hard labor on trumped-up charges of infracting unknown German colonial laws. This colonial application of *Deutschland Ueber Alles* was already returning such handsome dividends to Berlin as to ensure its rapid spread wherever the Prussian flag waved over those distant "places in the sun." Germany has gone from the Pacific, and many a poor slave of her colonial system joins in the general international relief that her "government for the governors" has disappeared. Poor Russia, the

victim of half-baked idealism, that far worse curse than autocratic militarism, is so engrossed in national suicide as to be removed for many a long day from serious international consideration on the Pacific. Not even the most advanced Japanese jingo can longer claim it necessary to increase or maintain naval or military estimates upon the patriotic ground of defense against a threatening Russia. No, so far as Japan is concerned, she need no longer anticipate any aggression from either Russia or Germany, and need only fear jingoes at home who may urge aggression on her own part. This is a time for every nation to put the soft pedal on its jingoes—the times are not opportune. As for China, is her position any more significant to-day than before the war? Frankly, the so-called Republic of China cuts no greater international figure now than did ever their Imperial Government before the war.

The position of our sister republic, France, in the Far East, remains the same to-day that it was before the Germans broke loose in Europe. In Pacific matters we come into court with cleaner hands, because, while France took great territory from defenseless China, we never did and never will. We have seen that, as a result of the war, Japan has gained a number of Pacific

islands formerly under the German flag, she having been made mandatory for all those north of the Equator. Many American friends of Japan are hopeful that wiser counsels will later prevail in Tokyo, and that this long step of 1,400 miles eastward, open to so much evil misunderstanding, will be avoided by Japan's turning the current of her expansion northwesterly instead of southeasterly. Such an alteration would remove misunderstanding here, and improve her relations with Australia.

And what of Australia?

This of her—that those who wish intelligently to know of the probable future of Pacific Ocean affairs will do well to study her and watch her development. Thus will they learn to look upon the Australian Continent and her sister islands, New Zealand, Tasmania, etc., much as Burke and other far-sighted Englishmen regarded the British colonies along the American seaboard at the time of the Revolution. The parallel between Australia of to-day and the American colonies in 1776 is striking. We are apt to think of her as distant from England and small in population. She is as near in days' travel to London as was our eastern seaboard in 1776. We were then three million people, less homogeneous in race than are the five million British-

ers that people Australia and her sister islands. All of those forefathers of ours were peculiarly men and women of initiative—if they had not been, they would have stayed quietly at home and not braved the terrors of the long Atlantic voyage and the invasion of the unknown wilderness. Initiative is to-day the outstanding characteristic of the Australians, and upon it they are laying the firm foundations of a great people.

Every great nation shows a jealous desire to keep its blood pure, and this is markedly true of the British and of the Japanese alike. In no part of the British Empire is insistence upon racial purity more pronounced than in Australia, whose most popular and successful political slogan is "White Australia!" Although this means exclusion of Asiatic immigration, and is, therefore, criticized by Japanese publicists, they cannot deny that they also exhibit a similar pride of race. The Chinese intermarry everywhere with any race, but the Japanese do so but seldom. This is very noticeable in South America, for wherever Chinese settle mixture of race ensues, but not so with the Japanese. The policy of our Anglo-Saxon cousins in the South Seas to preserve a "White Australia" affords reassuring proof that their great continent will remain a white stronghold, with a popula-

tion undiluted by Eurasian offspring so common in other Far Eastern parts.

So earnestly do I believe in the present and future greatness of Australia as to consider it an important factor in eliminating the one great stumbling-block to cordial friendship between our people and the Japanese—the illusion called the “Yellow Peril.” And as an antidote to this illusion, what of Australia? Throughout California, Oregon and Washington, the Chambers of Commerce, those non-partisan aggregations of the best business minds of each community, are peculiarly public-spirited and efficiently active, even for American commercial bodies. I found those of Los Angeles, San Francisco and Portland particularly interested in building up direct trade with Australia. This opens the way to their realization of Australia as a Yellow Peril antidote. New ships were being devoted to carrying the products of the Pacific slope direct to Sydney, Melbourne and other Australasian ports, and the local newspapers were constantly printing articles and editorials upon the increasing importance of those distant markets. The growing interest in this trade along our western coast will inevitably produce a widely diffused knowledge there of the enhanced significance within the British Empire

now enjoyed by post-war Australia. The sooner that knowledge comes to all those wide-awake western Americans described above, the sooner will they understand how like their own is the attitude toward the Asiatic races of our sturdy Anglo-Saxon friends of Australia, that new front of the British Empire, and what that unanimity of policy means for all participants. This knowledge should as certainly relieve them from even subconscious dread of a Japanese invasion, as the collapse of Russia surely cancels the argument of Japanese jingoes for maintaining or increasing their military and naval scale of preparedness.

The Japanese know well that the attitude of the great continent to the south of her is the same as that of our people upon Asiatic immigration. The shrewd Japanese also know far better than we that, since the war, the British Empire in all its vast strength stands solidly with the Australians, and that the continent of the Southern Cross is no longer regarded as merely a colonial outpost of the great Empire, but has become that Empire's Pacific front on the east, just as Canada is her front on the west. Japanese newspapers have rung with comment upon Admiral Jellicoe's epoch-marking recommendations that the great base of the British fleet be moved from

the North Sea to Singapore, that important gateway to the Pacific. Much as English and Americans may criticize each other (for criticism is a favorite Anglo-Saxon family sport), no Japanese is so silly as to give an instant's credence to the idea that a Yellow Peril could be directed at either of the great English-speaking countries without immediately drawing the other one into its support. The admirable Balfour spoke of the "Race Patriotism of the Anglo-Saxons," and there is no gainsaying it. The new war-won position of Australia and New Zealand in the British Empire completes the answer to the Yellow Peril illusion, and nowhere is this to-day better understood than in Japan.

And what, in conclusion, of Australia?

In 1867 Charles Wentworth Dilke predicted that "the relations of America and Australia will be the key to the future of the Pacific," and so I believe them to be. Our relations are of the best, and, thanks to the initiative of our west coast cities, are sure to grow better and better. Americans returning from France tell of Australian soldiers saluting American officers in preference to all others, just out of sheer friendliness and comprehension of the similarity between our types of manhood and points of view. We may confidently look forward to the same

comfortable relations with the vigorous young Australasian people that characterizes our neighborliness with Canada, all of us speaking the same language and enjoying similar free institutions.

The more Australians, and also Canadians, grow and strengthen, the better for peace on the Pacific. Already, they, plus our new military preparedness, afford an antidote for Japanese aggression against us or any other Anglo-Saxons, and that in itself is a complete argument in favor of cordiality between us and the Land of the Rising Sun, which will definitely justify the name so long borne by the vast western ocean.

CHAPTER XIII

SOME CONCLUSIONS

THE most important step toward the formulation of a foreign policy is a due consideration of the point of view entertained by the people with whom that policy will have to do. Even supposing that one's intentions are of the best, we must ascertain what the other fellow is going to think about them. This means that we should know him sufficiently well to understand his manner of thought. To that end we have considered together in the foregoing pages observations upon the life and customs of the Japanese so as to learn something from them of his thought processes, especially in those two fundamentals which in any nation command its finest minds—religion and æsthetics. We have also pointed out the greatly increased importance of Australia within the British Empire, and what would seem to be the consequences, so far as we are concerned. Perhaps it may seem to the reader that too much space has been given to showing how the Japanese mind expresses itself in gar-

dens and religious pilgrimages and other observances, but our excuse must be a desire to let Americans see how Japanese thought functions along two such intimate lines. After some comprehension of the Japanese point of view upon those characteristic features of his civilization, it becomes easier so to adjust our own thought as to make hopeful an attempt to harmonize our foreign policies toward the Far East with Oriental views and aspirations. It is idle to pretend that our points of view are even similar. Our own civilization, religion and individual training differ widely from those of Japan, and theirs has lasted many centuries longer than ours. Some things of which we strongly disapprove have been long inculcated in the training of their youth, and vice versa. If one is not prepared to investigate the great problems that are arising and will arise about the Pacific with an open mind upon matters social as well as national, he had best give up the study in advance, admit he is a small man, and remain quietly at home close to his village pump. Be prepared to balance national inequalities, or keep away from the Pacific. And, for veracity's sake! don't start out with any such exploded theory as that all men are born equal, for least of anywhere is this true across the western ocean. Nor does it mat-

ter in the slightest how unequal are individuals or nations if only the observer is ready to balance their inequalities with the same whole-souled interest in their satisfactory combination that the Japanese show in their arrangement of flowers.

An excellent relation existed between our people and the Japanese in 1905, one which perhaps benefited them materially more than it did us, but unfortunately a marked change has since then developed which has benefited neither in any way. Changes should be made in our respective foreign policies which will benefit both. Why not? When is discord more advantageous than harmony? It is my belief that the Japanese are now going more than half way to meet us. The admirable Gentlemen's Agreement, undertaken by the Japanese themselves when the incomparable Elihu Root was our Secretary of State, checked an excessive incursion here of Japanese labor whose lower standard of living was producing such unfortunate friction with American labor. Recently, when an increasing influx of Japanese wives for their laborers residing here revived the unfortunate friction, again their Government, on its own initiative, provided a reasonable check by adding a Ladies' Agreement to the already existing Gentlemen's Agreement, and are withholding passports from

these so-called "picture brides," just as they formerly arranged to do from their laboring men desirous of entering the higher-paid field of American labor. Those two acts showed good faith and good judgment, and we can safely do business with people possessing those two fundamental traits of character. Certain Japanese newspapers have attacked their government for this Ladies' Agreement, but then, most unfortunately, newspapers of both our countries are nowadays constantly attacking the other's people and their good faith, and also anyone in their own country who prefers peace to bitterness. This hostility of the Yellow Press of both countries toward any attempt to better our relations is what golfers would call "a rub of the green" or a "hazard" in the course which, although it cannot be ignored, should not be allowed unduly to delay our progress.

Our commerce would be greatly benefited by a better understanding with the Japanese, for it would thereby be aided to enter and develop Asian markets by cooperation from such nearby experts as the intelligent traders of the Island Kingdom. As fellow Orientals they know those markets' needs and limitations much better than distant Occidentals like ourselves. Whether our statesmen (or even our politicians) are begin-

ning to realize this or not, our business men certainly are alive to its valuable possibilities, and unless those who should lead public thought get into step with this movement—already a large and steadily growing one—they risk losing their position as leaders in that profitable procession. And these forward-looking exporters of ours will before long exercise their influence as paying advertisers upon our newspapers so as to modify and ultimately to terminate their present unprofitable attacks upon everything Japanese. These newspapers are guessing wrong, and American newspapers know their business too well to guess wrong for long!

Every business man in our land knows the menace to honest enterprise which lies in the Bolshevik movement. He knows that it originates in Russia, but that it must be combated here in order to protect the civilization we inherited from our fathers. But does every American business man realize that there is an unchecked outlet of this Bolshevik movement upon the Pacific Ocean? and that unless Japan checks it in Eastern Siberia it will fly outward, seeking its prey, prosperity, wherever it can be found? A great service can be rendered to civilization by stopping this Siberian outlet of anarchy, and because the Japanese are the only ones who can

perform this service, all law-abiding men should encourage them to do so. I believe it would be a fine thing for international law and order if Japan should occupy Eastern Siberia and there set up such a dam against the outflow of lawlessness as would be afforded by her excellently functioning Government which is to-day assuring prosperity, liberty and the right to the pursuit of happiness to her millions of industrious and frugal citizens. To an American peculiarly interested in America's interests first, such a step would have especial value if it could be coupled with the withdrawal of Japan from the Caroline and Marshall islands, for nothing would be more effective in bettering our relations than the termination of that geographical threat to the Philippines, and the substitution of a northwesterly Japanese expansion so promising for peace, in place of a southeasterly one so fruitful of misunderstanding both with us and the British Empire as represented by Australasia. Then, too, the excessive preponderance of Japanese in Hawaii is unfortunate, but the solution of this bothersome problem can safely be left to the sagacious good taste of such a Government as the one which has so wisely announced the Ladies' Agreement. If these changes could be effected, then Japan would appear revealed to the cap-

italists, the laborers and the business men of America as the bulwark of decent civilization against the Bolsheviki in Siberia and as a profitable friend and ally in the vast field of Asian markets which she understands so well.

But there is one error in our Far Eastern policy that these same serious folk of the United States should undertake to correct—we are not and never should have been a nursery governess for China! We are not called upon especially to protect the integrity of her territory, if indeed there be any left to protect. We can't warn the whole world off our hemisphere through the Monroe Doctrine, and at the same time dictate to Japan or any other power what they must not do in China. It is dangerous nonsense, and it is bad business. If we go into a consortium, then we should assist to carry out its protective terms to the uttermost, but unless and until we do, we ought to mind our own business in China.

Here is outlined a Far Eastern policy that is fair to all because it honestly takes into account the viewpoint of all concerned. It will work, and it will work for American labor as effectively as for American capital. We don't want any territory in the Far East, but we do want an increasing share of her markets, sure to benefit

our labor and capital alike, and better relations with Japan inevitably lead to so desirable and profitable a result.

Although we do not desire territory in the Far East, there is a tract which we should try to purchase, and, although it lies on our side of the Pacific, it can properly be discussed along with a Far Eastern policy. That tract is Lower California, which we should seek to purchase from Mexico. It lies well off her coast, but, for her, possesses little or no value. Geographically it is already a part of California, and should become so politically. In colonial times East Hampton and neighboring towns of eastern Long Island were part of New Haven colony across Long Island Sound, because close to it by sail and far removed from New York City, distant because of bad or no roads. So Lower California used to be nearer to the Mexican mainland than to American territory to the north, but just as the bettering of inland communication naturally swung eastern Long Island into a New York affiliation, so a railroad down the length of Lower California would make mainland Mexico seem distant by comparison with San Diego and her neighborhood. This territorial purchase would remove a possi-

ble element of friction in our Far Eastern relations because it would prevent repetition of an unfortunate incident which accompanied Japan's presentation of her twenty-one demands upon China in 1915. The Japanese Minister to China, Mr. Hioki, received those demands from his Government in December, 1914, and it was not until May 8, 1915, that the Chinese Government formally accepted them. By an interesting coincidence the Japanese cruiser "Asama" ran on a mudbank in Turtle Bay on the coast of Lower California in December, 1914, and was not completely refloated and repaired until June, 1915, meanwhile being attended by from seven to ten Japanese warships and sundry auxiliary vessels. The American fleet was at that time in the Atlantic. From the time that Minister Hioki received the twenty-one demands for delivery to the Chinese Government until after they were acceded to by it, there was a strong Japanese fleet near that weak point in our western coast, the outlet of the Colorado River, which is the Nile of our far west. This points to the need for our purchase of Lower California. The whole transaction of which the twenty-one demands formed part is disapproved by businessmen and by many political leaders in Japan who blame it to the militarists. It is doubtful if,

after such a bungling misplay, those militarists will again be in a position to make such an ill-judged move. But it is just as well to admit service of their notice by removing the temptation again to concentrate a strong foreign naval force in the Gulf of California so near the mouth of the Colorado River development and trans-continental railroad lines. The upper end of that gulf needs protection, and the purchase of Lower California is essential to that protection. We should press negotiations for the purchase of this tract, so useless to Mexico and remote from her mainland, and yet so close to us and so strategically important.

The foregoing suggestions outline diplomatic steps comparatively easy of achievement, and fruitful of great good not only for our own people but also for all the Oriental peoples they affect. No "jug-handled" deals are here proposed, because agreements benefiting only one side do not last long. The other man's point of view must be considered in every transaction, as any successful business man will tell you—he knows it is the only way to build up a substantial business. It would be better if more statesmen learned what it means both of integrity and also

of sagacious foresight to build up a substantial business, for it is along similar broad and friendly lines that there should be readjusted and built up our Far Eastern policy.

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